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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Observations, &c. By E. W. 18mo. pp. 144. London, 1835. Hurst.

"*Observations, &c.* by E. W." is a short enough title-page, *certainly*, but

"Brevity is always good

Whether we are or are not understood."

and brevity is the soul of wit, and tediousness but the outward flourishes; and the only really bad and obnoxious brief matter in the world is a lawyer's brief, and that is because it is the forerunner of long speeches and litigations. On these grounds we did not much mislike this brief book at our first glance: if the *liad* was ever pressed into a nutshell (a *cocoon*—we presume), it was not impossible that there might be something tolerably good crammed into a cherry-stone. And truly we found it so. Many things are said by *e w* which *w e* (mighty editorial *nomen!*) would not have said; and though he is guilty of some platitudes, there is altogether much of observation, acuteness, reflection, and originality in his remarks. Let us see; and go along with him awhile.

"Wives seem created to be butts: the husband of the present day resembles Pan, and delights to play on what was formerly the object of his food pursuit."

On the other hand, it might be suggested that the modern *Syrinxes* sometimes will not stand play, and in their turn plague their Pans to pot.

"The glutton is the lowest souled of all animals: the butcher's boy is to him an Atlas bearing heaven on his shoulders."

More strictly true if the chops were wrapped in our contemporary the *Atlas* newspaper, which, indeed, is large enough to bear a whole ramp. The following is literary, and literally true:—

"The long poems and few ideas we daily see issue from the press, prove what 'great things arise from small.'"

The morbid affectations of feeling by which society is pestered are neatly dished in two lines.

"The humane man of the present day takes the fish out of the damp water."

Nor are the annexed bad similes, &c.:—

"The hospitable man, who endeavours to make his guests over-eat and over-drink themselves, resembles Cleopatra, who introduced an asp in a basket of provisions."

"Our magistrates really appear to have executed justice, for it is perished out of the land."

"It is only in the bitter time of affliction the sanctuary of man's heart is open; in quiet times, the temple of Janus is closed."

"There is an alchymy in manner, which can convert every thing into gold."

* See "Hudibras" now Dr. Arnot.
† If the nutting system of publication were adopted, Palladio or Wilkins might appear in a wall-nut-shell; nautical writers in beech-nuts or masts; amative authors and oculists in hazel-nuts; military tacticians and engineers in shells of all kinds, though without kernels; pamphlets on the tythe question in pig-nuts; horsemanship and farriery in cob-nuts or chestnuts; and blues or female authors in nut-megs.

"May not the mark, which the Lord himself set upon Cain, in order that those who met the brother's murderer should not slay him, have been the mark of repentance?"

"The bad man cannot be made to feel the same sufferings he inflicts on others. You may destroy his offspring—you cannot make him heave the parent's sigh! You may rob him of his freedom—you cannot take from him the unknown 'glory of independence!'"

"A dull man is doubly heavy when he gets lively; as the lumbering tax-cart never appears so heavy as when a little jogging pony carries it into a trot."

"Singing is the utter ruin of thousands of men: Niobe is far from being the only mother whose children have been destroyed by Apollo."

"The rich man's merits we mete out by the pound."

"The glutton gathers curiosities from earth, sea, and air, and makes his stomach the British Museum."

"The slanderer finds no difficulty in eating his own words, as young vipers, if attacked, immediately retreat into their parent's mouth."

"Idleness is not Vice: it is not the destroying lion, it is only the jackall, 'the lion's provider.'"

"As a woman advances in life she increases in finery,—so the cow's age can be accurately known by her rings."

"Your bad fiddler is as cruel as the Turk,—he murders with the bow-string."

"In our vanity we exalt our very vices to virtues. The wizard Self-love raises devils."

"The beggar will invariably lie to make up his story. Necessity is certainly the mother of Invention."

"Our way of living now is much more ruinous to time than the simplicity of our fathers: we lose many days by changing old into new style."

"What can we say of those who go about our land raising up sedition and ill-feeling? What is bad enough for those political incendiaries who set our village homes on fire? The liberty they cry out for is the liberty of the hyæna."

"Our little patriots, like little birds, only open their mouths so wide,—for something to be put in, to stop them."

"When I was rich, my friends all came to spend 'a long day' with me: however, as soon as it got dusk, they went away."

"It is beautiful to gaze on woman as a softener, a mediator, a peacemaker:—to behold the wife's mouth taking, like the British queen's, the poison from her husband's arm."

"What need is there now for man to live to a patriarchal age? He has managed to concentrate all vice into seventy years."

"It is a sad pity that harmony so divine as Lord Byron's should have been exercised, like St. Cecilia's, in drawing back angels from heaven."

"The man who can only reply by force to an argument, resembles St. Denis, who carried his head in his hand."

"Every man has friends ready to participate in his prosperity. What formerly were called cannibals are now called cousins."

"In life's book, the necessity for a second edition is shewn by the inaccuracies of the first."

"Constancy is not a virtue, if it be constancy in vice. The bad shilling boasts it is not liable to change."

"Our popular preachers preach not against blasphemers, drunkards, or libertines,—they might hear, and be offended,—but against the Roman Catholic faith,—that is sure not to be in church."

"This I find to be the difference between wit and imitation,—the moon is in heaven, the reflection is in the puddle."

"I suppose the young ladies' sleeves are so large, for them to laugh in, at those men who are caught by such things."

"I do not admire your active bustling fellows; they seem to me to resemble watches—always faster than others, and, consequently, always wrong."

"The only reason for the opinion of marriages being made in heaven is, that they are evidently ill adapted for earth."

"Why do we not see now the fruit of the 'midnight oil'?—alas! that oil is all expended on the heads of our young men."

"Hope, like Paganini, draws her sweetest sounds when she has only one string left to play upon."

"There appear to be two words of only four letters of which grown people do not know the meaning, Whig and Tory."

"Generally, the man who gives us full particulars of his birth, gives us none of his education."

"In every man's autobiography, the errata should fill, did he write truth, three quarters of the book."

From this selection we think our readers will agree with us that E. W.'s remarks, worldly, literary, political, and moral are far from being destitute of point or mind. A person so observant would probably shine in a more elaborate production; and such it is intimated might follow the public approbation of the present small tome. We, at any rate, should be glad to see it, for we are weary of *ditto*s repeated. On some opinions, however, we beg to differ from *e w*. "In writing (he tells us) every man draws himself as the model;" an axiom which it is impossible should be accurate—else how could a woman of genius draw a stern warrior, or a man of genius a lovely, timid, and gentle maiden. Pretty models they would make of themselves!—the one in the armour of lace and lama, trembling at mouse or spider; and the other, at morning froth with her razors, or at evening a *lettie* cut with the champagne! Nor is the following more correct:—

"The only way to stop the railing of a Critic is with a dinner; a piece of pudding will now act the part of Marcus Curtius, and close up the terrific opening that nothing else can."

Setting aside the remembrance that the closing up of the Roman opening was an extremely patriotic action (which it would be well therefore to imitate in this its new application to critical maws), we are bound to deny the fact and the inference. A capital *déjeûné*, or a snug supper, would be quite as efficacious as dinner, were the thing true at all; but we would put it to E. W. personally, *ad hominem*, have we railed at him, and did he ever give us so much as a sop of bread? How unjust, then, to libel the amiable and incorruptible profession: the impartial, the unbiassed, the upright, the downright, the all-right, the Aristidean, the immaculate corps; men, in short, without appetites for dinners, who are never hungry nor thirsty, but too generally filled with wind, and dry—exceedingly dry. This is too bad?

Again, how do the subjoined agree?

"We should answer the accusations even of the most contemptible: the yelping cur at my horse's heels is a pitiful brute, but he may cause my overthrow."

"Replying to scurrility, is like the dandy keeping himself clean by pushing away the chimney-sweeper."

"Infamous libellers, like battledore-players, only keep the shuttlecock, reputation, up by their blows."

Surely this is blowing hot and cold. The next passage we recommend to the writers of Penny Publications, though we do not think any thing but suspicion of debt with their milkwomen or washerwomen would make them hide themselves.

"In the Paradise of Ignorance had authors are like Adam and Eve,—naked, and not ashamed: let them but once eat of the tree of knowledge, and they will quickly try to hide themselves."

To conclude on the same subject, and *procul, procul* from the *Literary Gazette*—

"If we judged of printing by some of the publications we see hawked about the streets, Faustus was indeed in league with the devil."

The Political and Statistical History of Gujarat Translated from the Persian of Ali Mahomed Khán, the Revenue Minister of the Province; to which are added copious Annotations and an Historical Introduction. By James Bird, Esq. 8vo. pp. 427. London, 1835. Bentley.

PUBLISHED under the superintendence of the Oriental Translation Fund, this work is more valuable than interesting, as a contribution towards our historical knowledge of the East; and we confess that we have found its reading quite as dry as the most resolute advocate for utility could desire. At the conclusion, all we can say is that we are better informed about Gujarat than we ever expected to be; and that to those to whom a thorough view of an important portion of India is necessary, this volume must be an oriental fund.

The reigns, wars, usurpations, changes of dynasty, &c. &c. of sultans with very perplexing names,* and considerable uniformity of circumstances, as well as repetitions, do not offer us great temptations for extract; but we cannot dismiss a work of such consequence without some sample of its qualities.

"Sultán Mahmúd was enthroned at Ahmádábád, on Sunday the 12th of Shabán, in the

year of the Hijra, 863, A.D. 1459. Regarding his surname of Bigarrah, the people of Gujarat say that each of his mustachios being large and twisted like a cow's horn, and such a cow being called Bigarrah, they thus obtained for him the name. Again, it is said that the number two, in the Gujarat language, being called *bí*, and the name of a fort, *garrah*, the people called him Bigarrah, in consequence of the two fortifications of Jünagarh and Chámpanír having come into his possession. The author of the 'Mirát Sikandari' says, that Sultán Mahmúd was the best of all the Gujarat kings, on account of his great justice and beneficence, his honouring and observing all the Mohammedan laws, and for the solidity of his judgment, whether in great or small matters. He obtained a great age, and was distinguished for strength, bravery, and liberality. He was also, it is said, a great eater. After thirteen years, ten months, and three days, of his age had passed away, he began to reign; and, following the example of his ancestors, gave the soldiers gifts and presents. Some months from this date, several of the nobles, who were averse to the minister Imádu-l-Mulk, otherwise named Shabán, and were anxious to destroy both his rank and influence, calumniated him to the sultán, and put him in chains. At night, the master of the elephants, named Abdúlah, explained to Mahmúd Bigarrah that the minister was the friend of the government; and when the slaves of the palace had accidentally released Imádu-l-Mulk, the sultán ordered that the perfidious nobles should be seized and their houses plundered. The nobles, on becoming acquainted with the king's intentions, prepared to defend themselves, and encamped with a force at Bhaddar. At this time the king ordered all the persons then in his service, amounting to five hundred, to assault them with the royal elephants. Wherefore they attacked the enemy, and, having dispersed the discontented nobles, punished those of them who were seized. After this transaction, no one had an opportunity of disobeying during the whole of this king's reign; and, the conspirators having been put to death, five hundred and two persons, who obtained titles and dignified offices received assignments of land for their support. In a short time after this, a large army was collected, and tranquillity every where prevailed in the country. The sultán also made it a rule that the assignments of land belonging to those who happened to fall in battle should be given to their sons; and, in the event of there being no son, that the half of the estate should be given to the daughter. When there was neither son nor daughter, he was in the practice of granting a pension to the relations or dependants, in order that they might not complain of their lot. On one occasion some person told the sultán that the son of a certain nobleman who had died was not worthy of possessing wealth. To whom the king replied that wealth would make him worthy;* after which no one ventured to say a word on this subject. The sultán built several magnificent caravanseras and lodging-houses for travellers, and founded several colleges and mosques. He also ordered, that no one in his army should borrow money with interest; and established a distinct pay-off for such of the soldiers as were obliged to get in debt. By this means, a soldier could obtain an advance; for, as he said, if the Mohammedans live in debt, how is it possible they can fight? All the fruit-trees in the open

country, as well as those in the city, towns, and villages, were planted in the reign of this sultán; who, if he ever knew of a shop or dwelling-house becoming empty, made inquiry after the causes, and ordered it to be inhabited." *

"After this, and in the year of the Hijra 871, A.D. 1466-67, being desirous of capturing Gírnar and Jünagarh, in Gujarat, and to extirpate and destroy the Mandalik Rájá, or petty prince of Gírnar, he made preparation accordingly; ordering, it is said, the pay-office to carry along with it five krores of gold coin. He also ordered the commissary of stores to carry along with him eighteen hundred gilded, handled swords of Egyptian, Arabian, African, and Khorásanian manufacture, whose handles did not contain less than from four to five Gujarat sírs of gold; and to take in addition three thousand eight hundred swords, whose handles, of Ahmádábád manufacture and of silver work, were of different weights; with, moreover, seven hundred daggers and poniards, whose golden handles should be from three to two sírs and a half weight in gold. The sultán at this time commanded the master of the horse to attend him in the expedition, with two thousand Arabian and Turkish horses; all of which, with the gold and arms, he distributed among the troops, during the period of the siege. Succeeding these things, he sent his victorious army to plunder the country of Sorath, where the soldiers obtained a large booty. The rao mandalik, or petty sovereign, having submitted, asked for favour, through means of ambassadors; and the sultán, thinking it advisable to desist from the siege of the fort for that year, returned to his own capital. But, in the year of the Hijra 872, A.D. 1467-8, having heard that the rao mandalik visited the temple of idolatry, and went there with all the ensigns of royalty, the sultán became ashamed of royalty, and appointed forty thousand horse, with many elephants, to take away the royal umbrella and other kingly ensigns from him. The rao mandalik, on becoming acquainted with this, instantly forwarded the umbrella and other ensigns to the sultán; and the gold and jewels obtained on this occasion were distributed among the king's musicians. In the year of the Hijra 874, A.D. 1469-70, on indicating a desire to take the forts of Gírnar and Jünagarh, the sultán received an unexpected visit from the rao mandalik. On this occasion the rájá addressed the sultán, saying 'that whatever he might command should be obeyed, and requested to know why he desired the destruction of his obedient subject, who had committed no fault.' To this, the sultán replied, 'that there could be no greater fault than that of infidelity, and, if he was to expect tranquillity, he must acknowledge the unity of God, and secure to himself his country; for that, otherwise, he would extinguish him.' The mandalik rájá, seeing such was the state of affairs, fled by night to his fort, and commenced a war, but soon after came and entreated for his life, as the garrison was starved into submission. The sultán guaranteed his safety, on condition that he would receive the faith of Islám; and the rájá, having quitted the fort, delivered the keys to the sultán, and uttered the confession of faith, in imitation of the conqueror. This conquest happened in the year of the Hijra 877, A.D. 1472-73."

This is as favourable a specimen as the work supplies, and certainly affords a curious illustration of the manners and customs, not only of the age to which it refers, but of almost unaltered centuries. At last the Gujarat line of sultáns terminated in Muzaffir III. called

* Mr. Bird is one of the most accurate and correct authors in regard to the spelling of Eastern names; but, in truth, the want of an acknowledged system in this matter is not only puzzling to readers, but, in our opinion, one of the main causes which contribute to the disreputable of works on Eastern literature, philosophy, and history.—Ed. L. G.

* This anecdote deserves the notice of our Indian legislators, who, to better the Indian character, must give the people more places of trust.

Nathú, and the state became a dependency upon the sovereigns of Hindústán, the emperor of which established the Ilahí era (a new cycle of time) and a code of regulations to be observed in all Hindústán, dated in 1585. Both are characteristic and remarkable documents; the former assigns as grounds for the improvement, that—

"A thousand years of the Hijra having nearly elapsed, while the eras of Sikandar and Yazdijer, though used in calendars, are not accurately known, the people of Hindústán, therefore, use a variety of eras, such as that in Bengal, dated from the reign of Lakhsman Singh, now in its 465th year; in the country of Gujaráť the era of Sálbáhan (Sálivahana), now dating in its 1506th year, A. D. 1584; in the country of Málwa and Dehli, the era of Vikramajit (Vikramaditya), now in its 1640th year, A. D. 1584; whilst the people of Nagrakót date from the government of every individual who rules over that fortress. As the learned are also of opinion, added they, that the era of Hindústán do not commence from any great event, and have no true foundation, if the emperor, through his universal clemency and paternal care, would establish a new era to remove such discrepancies, he will be rewarded and blessed both now and hereafter. It is, moreover, ordered in astronomical books, such as the Ilkhání and Gúrkání tables, that the era should be made to commence from some great transaction, either the establishment of a religion or a dynasty: and, though many great and glorious occurrences of the present reign are each suited to this purpose, let the emperor fix the same from the period he came to the sovereignty (now in its thirtieth lunar year, and the greatest manifestation of God's favour and grace), and he will be certainly repaid with thanks for this good work, as having complied with the wishes of the learned. By having done so, the era of the Hijra, established at the flight of the best of men from the honoured Mekka to the sacred Medina, will lose nothing of its dignity: for, though this, in the time of Malik Sháh, had not reached its present lengthened period of duration, and business had not then become so difficult, the Jalálí era was, nevertheless, established; in order that, in all affairs of difficulty, mankind might be relieved from perplexity. The same is now used in the calendars of all Mohammedan countries, as those of Arabia, Constantinople, Má-wará-ul-Nahr, Khorásán, and Irák; and all the written obligations of the faithful are drawn up from these almanacs. In consequence of the repeated requests of these people, and to quiet their importunities, the emperor, giving his consent, has issued this order: 'Let the gates of felicity and rejoicing be opened, by dating the Ilahí era from the day of the year corresponding with the first of the king's reign.' A command to this effect is also sent to the learned; 'Let all compilers of almanacs used in the country of Islám, in which are inserted the Arabí, Rúmí, Farsi, and Jalálí eras, open the door of facility by therein using the new era; and, in the almanacs of the Hindús, let the same be written, that their various eras may fall into disuse, particularly that of Vikramajit, which had its foundation in falsehood.' As the years in the common calendars are solar, and the months lunar, we hereby command that the months of the new era shall be also solar."

The other, 'Order regarding veneration for God and attention to the government,' is long and curious. We copy a few passages, addressed to all government servants, nobles, and other persons in authority, administering the affairs of cities, villages, &c.

"Bring back the discontented to their duty, by alternative severity and kindness, according to their various ranks; and, when the matter admits not of admonition, let them be fettered, beaten, or put to death in various ways. With regard to the latter punishment, reflect well, and be not too ready to use it: for, according to the verse, 'one cannot restore the head of him who is slain.' Moreover, wherever it is possible, send all such as are worthy of death to court, forwarding along with them an account of their case; and subsequently they will comply with the emperor's orders. But if, by retaining or sending to court such rebellious characters, there be a chance of sedition, let them be put to death: in doing so, however, abstain from mangling them in any way."

"Regarding those who petition for justice, let their cause be inquired into by yourself in person, and in the order in which their names have been filed; so that those coming first may not have the trouble of waiting in expectation."

"Let them readily hear men's excuses, and wink at their faults: as man, who cannot be without faults, sometimes becomes more hardened by punishment, or takes to flight through fear of it. In short, there may be one man who must be punished for one fault, and another who must be forgiven for a thousand: knowing, then, that punishment is the most important business of a government, let them execute it with mildness and discernment."

"Let them not afflict men on account of their faith, their sect, or their religion: for a wise man does not, in this transitory world, wish for his own destruction; and in the matter of religion, will follow such as he knows or hears of."

"Let them labour in diffusing science, and acquiring knowledge, so that men of genius, in whatever tribe, may not be neglected."

"Let him endeavour to keep down the market prices, and not permit that the wealthy, while possessing large heaps of things for sale, should sell them in small portions."

Truly, modern rulers and police magistrates might take a leaf out of the emperor's code, though so far off and so long since; and if to shew their vigilance they should obey rules 36 and 37,* we only hope that in London they will not enforce regulation 11† which would destroy the park for the whole season.

The Picture; and the Prosperous Man. By the Author of the "Exile of Idría." 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1835. Cochrane and Co.

WE briefly announced these Tales in our last, and return to them now for that farther notice which we usually bestow on productions of a similar kind. *The Picture* occupies the first two volumes, with the exception of a few pages, and the *Prosperous Man* fills up the measure of the rest. Both display talent and observation—though not equal to the high class which frequently illuminates this department of our literature. *The Picture* is a love-story, founded on the imaginative impression made on the hero's mind by the likeness of a lovely portrait; and various adventures, duels, lawsuits, impositions, imprisonments, trials, escapes, births, marriages, and deaths, occur somewhat out of the ordinary course of human affairs, but so as to interest the reader in their progress and consummation. Most of the cha-

acters are natural enough; but some of them exaggerated for effect, so as hardly to fall within the boundaries of true delineation. The hero's uncle, for example, is a fool and simpleton, besides being clever and intelligent—a rare union of faculties! The trial and condemnation of a young gentleman for forgery, at the suit of his brother-in-law, a peer of the realm, is also unsupported by reasons sufficient to overcome the repugnance to such disgraceful exposure.

Leaving these points, however, to be developed by that body of studious persons who look chiefly to the circulating library for instruction and entertainment, we shall, without interfering with their province, the plot, detach an extract or two from the narrative to shew the writer's qualities on not less generally important subjects. On the rogueries practised in London, for instance, which, after the example of Smollet, he ventures to expose. "Mr. Masborough (the uncle aforesaid) took up the *Times*, and his eye fell upon a very attractive advertisement:—'Splendid suite of apartments.—In the Regent's Park, a first floor consisting of two best sitting-rooms, bed-room, dressing-room, servants'-room. A single gentleman preferred. Terms five guineas a-week.' Mr. Masborough called accordingly at the reference annexed, and decided on taking Mrs. Brickman's apartments. He had brought with him a country servant of the name of Giles Stiles, who acted in London as coachman, footman, and valet, but in the country he went by the name of 'master's own man.' Giles had come to town with a great prepossession against the knavery and frauds of the metropolis, and, in sooth, his very worst ideas and prejudices had been verified and confirmed. Amongst the gentlemen's servants with whom he had associated, he had heard little talked of but different plans of robbing their masters by the aid and contrivance of their tradesmen. Giles was not corrupted, but remained 'among the faithless, faithful only he,' and it was his great delight to detail the different schemes of roguery to his master. The squire was of that good-tempered disposition that he liked to encourage his gossiping attendant, and he listened patiently, and indeed with interest, to some of his stories.

'There's Mr. Skinner, sir, as used to wear finer shirts than your own self, sir, with cambric frills—my eyes, this long!—he is Sir Alexander Gudgeon's wallet, and keeps all his accounts into the bargain—and, bless me, if he don't come it strong! He receives all his money for him, and he keeps it, and he pays his bills; and he charges fifteen per cent discount to himself on all of 'em; and, if any tradesman objects, he soon shifts his master's custom, and does not pay their bill into the bargain; but if they do not object, then he don't overhaul their account like: and, moreover and besides, he regularly pays the great firm of Hauling, Fleece, and Bone twice over; and they divide every other bill with him.' 'And does Sir Alexander never find this out?' inquired the squire. 'Never, sir,' replied Giles, 'for, Lord bless ye, how should he? Mr. Skinner keeps no books—for he can't write, though he can read—so he trusts all to memory, which he says never fails him; nor does it, only his master. Then, you see, sir, he keeps the receipts for vouchers, except them as he loses on purpose; and, besides, Sir Alec never looks at 'em, but trusts him quite entirely, poor easy gentleman. Only about twice a-year, he has what he calls an audit, and then Mr. Skinner tells him about how much he has paid, and about how much he has by him, and about how much he owes;

* "36. Let them (the magistrates) beat the nukrah, or great drum, at sunrise and midnight; as from that time day may be said to commence. 37. During the course of the sun through the signs of the zodiac, let them salute him by firing muskets and great guns, so that all men may give thanks for the favour he confers."

† "11. Women must not ride on horseback, without an absolute necessity for doing so."

and that he calls passing his accounts. And then, sir, he deals with Mr. Corn, the boot-maker, who supplies all servants of his *proper* customers for nothing, quite gracious like; and sets them down in the master's bills. By the bye, that makes me think Sir Alec once did say to Skinner, 'Skin,' said he—he calls him Skin for short—'Skin, you talk of paying Hauling, Fleece, and Bone for those linens for my shirts last summer; I think you have paid them already: you remember telling me so last time you told me the state of affairs?' 'No, sir,' replied Mr. Skinner, 'I said it was owing, and you've forgot.' 'Well, Skin,' replies Sir Alec, 'no doubt you're right; you are always right, Skin.' 'And, sir, do you know Mr. Skinner is married (though his master does not know) to Mrs. Picket, Lady Gull's housekeeper, and whenever Sir Alec goes to his aunt's, Mrs. McCackle, the nabob's widow, who is very odd, and very rich (so she has a right to be odd, no doubt), and who won't allow of a man-servant near the house, he puts Mr. Skinner on board wages, sometimes for a month together, and then Mr. Skinner pockets all the money, for he goes and lives with his wife at Lady Gull's; and this has gone on frequently for the last three or four years, and no soul in her ladyship's kitchen has ever squeaked—and then—' 'Well, well, Giles, this is enough for once; so now be still,—*favete linguis*—not that you know Horace,' said the squire. 'But, sir,' replied the loquacious Giles, 'do let me tell you of Mr. Gulf, Lord Decker's—' 'No, no more now, Giles,' said Mr. Mashborough. 'Well, sir, then next time I must tell you about him,' replied Giles; 'and about the way Mr. Spare's servants do him. He's very close; looks to all bills himself; but they do him: for instance—the fishmonger's bill is made out at one price, and the steward really only pays little more than half, and the—' 'Stop, Giles,' said the squire,

*'Garrulus hunc quando consumet cunqne, loquaces
S! sapiat—'*

'Ah, you may scratch your head; I know you can't make it out. I must have a man about me that knows Latin, and that can appreciate my allusions.' 'I'll learn, if you'll consider it in my wages, sir,' exclaimed the ready Giles. 'There's a linkist as teaches all the tongues of Babel to any capacity in a new way in a fortnight. I've seen his advertisement.' Mr. Mashborough, seeing he could not quite stop Giles's eloquence, contented himself by diverting it into a new channel.

Our author seems to think less of a locked-jaw than most medical practitioners do; for he tells us of a wounded patient, "locked-jaw came on, and his case took a serious turn," but "the physician came in, and reported that Mark was going on very well. His lock-jaw [locked, not lock—it prevents people from bolting their food], he had no doubt, would cease when his hand healed, which he believed it would soon do. He would suffer inconvenience, but he thought he was in no danger whatever."

To the honour of the profession in England he it stated, that this was an Italian doctor. The author is inclined towards radicalism, as appears from a few brevities, yet still he adheres to the idealists, and expresses his hate of the utilitarians.

"Night" (exclaims the hero, soliloquising to another portrait, that of a man of science)—"Night is the selected hour for the devoted of their kind, for souls of gentleness, spirits of enthusiasm! Enthusiasm! dear delusion (if such thou must be called), how much better and holier are thy errors than the dreary truths of every-day existence. Tell me, philosopher,

thou who arrogatest to thyself the proud name, and who callest the cloud a vapour, and anatomisest the free and ambient air into thy wretched hydrogen and nitrogen,—tell me, dost thou know what it is to shed the tear of rapture, or indulge the sweet pain of romance? Yet why pursue the needless inquiry with one so very wise? Your Scotch-hearted philosopher is not tolerant of the fictions of poetry; he is

*'A fingering knave;
A being that would botanise
Upon his mother's grave.'*

He joys in the *ologies*, and to have his name followed by capital letters, F.R.S.E. M.D. F.S.A. He is a calculator of tables, a nomenclator of earths and stones, a classifier of weeds, a pickler of nauseous reptiles, a collector of filth, a dissector of vermin, a scrutiniser of veins and arteries—as my uncle would say, '*pectoribus inhians spirantia consulit exta.*'

Gentlemen and ladies "make their toilets" a great deal in these volumes: we get offended with the frequency of the ridiculous phrase. The *Prosperous Man* is the history of a successful villain,—*nulla virtute redemptum*, as Uncle John would say had he belonged to his tale,—and far too undisguised in his Machiavelism for our taste. His victims are too credulous for verisimilitude, especially Lord Barbican, who acts the part of an idiot at his instigation, quite beyond the bounds of that credibility which alone can impart a real interest to productions of this description.

Lives of Illustrious and Distinguished Scotsmen, from the earliest Period to the Present Time; arranged in Alphabetical Order, and forming a complete Scottish Biographical Dictionary. By Robert Chambers, author of the "Picture of Scotland," &c. Embellished with splendid and authentic Portraits. Vol. IV. 8vo. pp. 551. Glasgow and Edinburgh, 1835, Blackie and Son; Dublin, Curry and Co.; London, Simpkin and Marshall.

IN this, as in all his former productions, Mr. Chambers has finished ably what he began auspiciously. Such a national work was a great desideratum, and we hail its completion in a manner alike worthy of the design, of the country, and of the author. He has brought to his laborious task the qualities best suited to its character. Diligent research, where research was needed, and indeed the only means left for acquiring information, has not been spared: at a later period we find contemporary and personal observation used with much discretion; and throughout the whole there is a pervading spirit of candour and impartiality which reflects infinite credit upon Mr. Chambers. The plain truth appears to have been the object whose attainment he set before him; and, alike clear of the offences of dogmatism and servility, he has created a most interesting gallery, containing striking sketches and portraits of those, so honourably numerous and so highly famed, who have adorned the annals of his native land. Sterile though her soil may be, Scotland has cause to be proud of such a galaxy of heroic bravery, of moral worth, of pure patriotism, of religious devotedness, of intellectual superiority, of vast learning, of poetic immortality, of all the grand attainments and ennobling virtues which can exalt and endear human nature; and to her son, who has placed them before her eyes, she is indebted in a living wreath and a future niche in the temple among the illustrious he has so deservedly held up for the incitement and imitation of their descendants.

We are glad to see that the King has specially accepted of the dedication of this work.

General panegyric ought to do justice to this publication, and, especially, because it is so difficult from many hundred memoirs to make a selection which can convey an idea of the variety of the whole. We will, however, observe that the sketch of Sir Walter Scott is very ably done, and extract that of a brother bard, which we trust will possess sufficient novelty for the majority of our readers, and which is not only characteristic of the state of the lower orders in Scotland, and particularly of such among them as are endowed with genius, but of the skill with which the author handles what is original in his subjects.

"Robert Tannahill, a very popular writer of Scottish songs, was born in Paisley on the 3d of June, 1774. He was the son of James Tannahill, a weaver of silk-gauze there, who originally came from Kilmarnock, and Janet Pollock, the daughter of a farmer near Beith. Both parents were much respected for their intelligence and worth; the mother, in particular, was a woman of very general information, and exemplary conduct in life. Their family consisted of six sons and one daughter; Robert being the fourth child. At his birth, one of his legs was deformed, the foot being considerably bent, and the leg smaller than the other. During his boyhood, he was much ashamed of his crooked foot, and took every opportunity, when alone, to try and straighten it with his hand. In this manner, by constant application, he brought it into a proper position; but the leg always continued smaller than its fellow, and, to hide this deformity, he generally wore upon it two or more pairs of stockings. The deception succeeded so well, that few of his companions knew that the one leg differed from the other; nor did he suffer much inconvenience from it, being able to join in the dance, or afternoon excursion, without betraying any lameness, although in long journeys it generally failed him. When at school, he began to distinguish himself by writing verses. These were generally upon some odd character about the place, or upon any unusual circumstance that might occur. After school-hours, it was customary for the boys to put riddles to each other, or, as they called it, to 'speer guesses.' Robert usually gave his in rhyme; and a schoolfellow, to whom we are indebted for some of the particulars of this memoir, remembers one of them to this day. It was as follows:—

*My colour's brown, my shape's uncouth,
On lika side I hae a mouth;
And, strange to tell, I will devour
My bulk of meat in half an hour.*

This riddle, on being solved, turned out to allude to the big, brown, unshapely nose of a well-known character, who took large quantities of snuff. From the school, where he was taught to read, write, and cast accounts, Tannahill was sent to the loom. About this time, the weaving of cotton was introduced into Paisley; and the high wages realised by it induced parents to teach their children the trade at an early age, so that their apprenticeships were generally finished by the time they reached fifteen or sixteen. The flow of money, which persons thus so young could command by the exercise of a flourishing handicraft, led to the early marriages for which Paisley has been noted; and no town at the time abounded in more merrymakings, or presented a more gay and thriving community. Tannahill participated in the prosperity of the time and place. Dancing parties and rural excursions were frequent among the young people of both sexes, and in these he often joined. He

then formed many of those poetical attachments which he afterwards celebrated in song. It was in such meetings, and such excursions, that he first saw 'Jessie the flower o' Dumblane'—first heard the song of the 'mavis' from the 'Wood of Craigielee'—and first breathed the fragrant 'broom' of the 'Braes o' Gleniffer.' While at work, it was his custom to occupy his mind with the composition of verses. To his loom he attached a sort of writing-desk, by which he was enabled, in the midst of his labours, to jot down any lines that might occur to him, without rising from his seat. In this way some of his best songs were composed. He had a correct ear for music, and played the flute well; and whenever a tune greatly pleased him, it was his ambition to give it appropriate words of his own. It has been said, in most of the notices of his life, that from his fourteenth to his twenty-fourth year, he wholly neglected the muse; but this is a mistake. He seldom allowed many days to pass without composing some song or copy of verses, which it was his custom to read to one or two only of his intimate acquaintances. The first poem of his which appeared in print was in praise of Ferguslee wood; a wood which was one of his favourite haunts, and which often in the summer evenings rang to the notes of his flute. The lines were sent to a Glasgow periodical, and obtained immediate insertion, accompanied with a request for further favours. This was the more gratifying to the young poet, as in one or two previous endeavours at publication he had been unsuccessful; and from this period he continued, for two or three years afterwards, to send occasional contributions to the Glasgow papers. After his apprenticeship had expired he removed to the village of Lochwinnoch, about nine miles from Paisley, where he continued to work at the loom for some time. It may be worth mentioning, that Alexander Wilson, the poet and future American ornithologist, was at this time also weaving in the same village. He was by some years the senior of Tannahill; and the latter, being then unknown to fame, had not the fortune to seek his acquaintance, although he greatly admired the pieces by which Wilson had already distinguished himself. About the year 1800, some of the figured loom-work, for which Paisley was famed, was beginning to be manufactured in England, and it was reported that great wages were to be had there for weaving it. Tempted by the report, or more probably by a desire of seeing the country, Tannahill left Paisley for England, accompanied by a younger brother. They went away without informing their parents, who, they rightly supposed, would have put a stop to the journey, as their circumstances in Paisley were too comfortable to justify a change. They were both at this time in the strength and buoyancy of youth; they were both also of industrious habits, of excellent dispositions, and of modest manners. They travelled mostly on foot, often stepping out of the way to view the curiosities of the country, until they reached Preston, which they had marked as the limit of their journey. They found, however, that nothing but plain work was woven there; and, while Robert went for-

ward to Bolton to inquire after figured work, his brother took lodgings at Preston, in the house of an old woman of the Roman Catholic persuasion. At Bolton, Robert found plenty of employment of the desired description; but his brother, notwithstanding the superior wages to be made there, remained at Preston all the time he resided in England, being constrained to do so by the kindness of his old landlady, in whom he found a second mother. The two brothers, though thus separated, did not forget each other. Being much attached, they frequently met half-way between Preston and Bolton, and spent a few hours together: they also frequently wrote home to their parents an account of their welfare. Their stay in England lasted two years, and was only cut short by receiving intelligence of the fatal illness of their father. They hurried home without delay, and arrived in time to receive his dying blessing. After that event they did not choose to return to England. The younger brother married, while Robert took up his abode with his mother, and till his death continued to be a comfort to her. His filial affections were at all times strong, and through life he honourably discharged the duties of an affectionate son. It may be proper here to advert to a very erroneous impression which prevails respecting his worldly circumstances. In most of the notices taken of him he is represented as leading a life of privation, and as fulfilling all that is supposed to be connected with the poet's lot in regard to penury. But so far from this being the case, his means were always above his wants. The house in which his mother resided was her own, and she was not only herself comfortably situated, but was enabled, by indulging in little charities, to add somewhat to the comforts of others. Such, also, was the state of trade at the time, that Robert could command good wages without extreme labour, and though more than one respectable situation, as foreman or overseer, was offered him, he chose to continue at the loom, because, by doing so, his time was more at his own disposal, and his personal independence greater. He had no wish to accumulate money; but long before his death he lodged twenty pounds in the bank, with the express intention that it should go to defray the expense of his funeral, and this sum was found untouched when his melancholy decease took place—a circumstance which of itself proves the unfounded nature of the reports regarding his poverty and destitution. Soon after his return from England he had the good fortune to become acquainted with the late Mr. R. A. Smith, a gentleman of distinguished talent as a composer, who set to music and arranged some of his finest songs. He also formed an intimacy with several other individuals possessed of good judgment in musical matters, such as Mr. James Barr, of Kilbarchan (composer of the tune of 'Craigielee'); Mr. Andrew Blaikie, engraver, Paisley; and Mr. James Clark, master of the Argyle band. These gentlemen, and several others, were of service to him in improving his taste for composition, and in encouraging him in his love of song. His own manners were so retiring, and his reliance on himself so small, that, without the assurances of friendship, he probably would never have been induced to give to the world many of those pieces which have made his name known. The first edition of his 'Poems and Songs' appeared in the year 1807. It was very favourably received by the public, the previous popularity of several of his songs tending to make it sought after. But the author speedily came to regret that he had so prematurely given

it to the world. Errors and faults he now detected in it, which had before escaped him, and he began assiduously to correct and re-write all his pieces, with a view to a second edition. He continued also to add to the number of his songs, and in these reached a high degree of excellence. Some of them, indeed, may be pronounced to be the very perfection of song-writing, so far as that consists in the simple and natural expression of feelings common to all. The extensive popularity which they attained indicates how universally were felt and understood the sentiments which they recorded. It is gratifying to know that the poet was in some measure a witness of his own success, and lived to hear his songs sung with approbation both in hall and cottage. In a solitary walk, on one occasion, his musings were interrupted by the voice of a country-girl in an adjoining field, who was singing by herself a song of his own—

'We'll meet beside the dusky glen, on yon burnside!'

and he used to say, that he was more pleased at this evidence of his popularity than at any tribute which had ever been paid him. But his celebrity as a song-writer brought its annoyances. Visitors of every description broke in upon his daily labours; an adjournment to the tavern was often the result, and acquaintances were formed, too frequently, over the bowl.* Tannahill at no time was addicted to liquor, but the facility of his nature prevented him from resisting the intrusions of idle and curious people, and the very character of the pieces for which he was distinguished led to convivialities, for how could the merits of a song be tested without the flowing glass? This was the more to be pitied, as the slightest irregularity injured him. His constitution was never strong. His father, his sister, and three brothers had all died of consumption, and he himself was often troubled with a pain in the chest, which was increased by working too hard. For some time before his lamentable end he was observed frequently to fall into a deep melancholy. His temper became irritable, he was easily agitated, and prone to imagine that his best friends were disposed to injure him. His eyes were observed to sink, his countenance got pale, and his body emaciated. His whole appearance, in short, indicated a breaking up of his mental and bodily powers. The second edition of his Poems, which he had prepared for the press, was offered about this time to Mr. Constable, of Edinburgh, for a very small sum, but was unfortunately declined. This tended still farther to depress him, and he came to the resolution of destroying every thing which he had written. All his songs, to the amount of one hundred, many of which had never been printed, and of those printed all had been greatly corrected and amended, he put into the fire; and so anxious was he that no scrap of his should be preserved, that he requested his acquaintances to return any manuscript which they had ever got from him. Of the immediate circumstances connected with his death we have received the following account. The day previous to that event he went to Glasgow, and displayed there such unequivocal proofs of mental derangement, that one of his friends, upon whom he called, felt it necessary to convey

* "An exception must here be made in favour of Mr. James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, who, from his own credit, and the credit of Tannahill, made a pilgrimage to Paisley, with the express purpose of seeing him. They spent one happy night together, and, next morning, Tannahill conveyed him half-way on the road to Glasgow. On parting, Tannahill, with tears in his eyes, said, 'Farewell! we shall never meet again! Farewell! I shall never see you more!' a prediction which was too truly verified."

* "It disturbs the fancy to know that, although Tannahill wrote all his love-songs under the inspiration of some particular object, in this case the girl was neither a Jessie, nor was she from Dumblane. The words were originally written to supplant the old doggerel song, 'Bob o' Dumblane'—hence the title. Tannahill never was in Dumblane—never, indeed, beyond the Forth—and knew no person belonging to Dumblane; yet the guards of coaches, and others, hesitate not to point out the very house in Dumblane in which Jessie was born."

him back all the way to Paisley, and to apprise his relations of the state of his mind. Alarmed at the intelligence, his brothers, who were married, and resided at different parts of the town, hastened to their mother's house, where they found that he had gone to bed, and as it was now late, and he was apparently asleep, they did not choose to disturb him, hoping that by the morning he would be better. About an hour after leaving the house, one of the brothers had occasion to pass the door, and was surprised to find the gate that led to it open. On further investigation, it was found that Robert had risen from bed, and stolen out, shortly after their departure. Search was now made in every direction, and by the grey of the morning, the worst fears of the poet's friends were realised, by the discovery of his coat lying at the side of a pool in the vicinity of Paisley, which pointed out too truly where his body was to be found. This most melancholy event happened on the 17th of May, 1810, when he had only reached his thirty-sixth year. Tannahill's appearance was not indicative of superior endowment. He was small in stature, and in manners diffident almost to bashfulness. In mixed company, he seldom joined in general conversation, yet, from the interest he manifested in all that was said, his silence was never offensive. Among intimate friends, he was open and communicative, and often expressed himself with felicity, especially when roused by the recital of any act of meanness or oppression. His sympathies invariably went with the poor and unfortunate, and, perhaps, it was the result of his education and position in society, that he was jealous of the attentions of the wealthy, and disposed rather to avoid than to court their company. In his disposition he was tender and humane, and extremely attached to his home, his kindred, and his friends. His life was simple and unvaried in its details, but even the uneventful character of his existence renders more striking and more affecting its tragic close. Of his "Poems and Songs," which have been often reprinted, the latter alone preserve his name. His poems, indeed, properly so called, are few in number, and do not rise much above that mediocrity which the great success of Burns, to the misfortune of many a rhymster, allured from its native shades into publicity. But his songs are eminently distinguished by elevation and tenderness of sentiment, richness of rural imagery, and simplicity of diction. A mere enumeration of some of their titles will be sufficient to remind most readers of their excellence.* The lyre of Scotland, in his hand, retained its native, artless, sweet, and touching notes, and the hills and valleys of Scotland recognised and welcomed the Doric strain. Since the days of Burns, we know of no poet of this country who has written so many songs as Tannahill that have become so generally popular, and in this class of compositions, where the object is to give a voice to the passions and sentiments of the people, we consider popularity to be an undoubted test of merit."

Of James Tassie, who follows Tannahill in the catalogue, we also copy some early particulars.

"James Tassie, the celebrated modeller, was born in the neighbourhood of Glasgow, at what particular period seems not to be known, and

of parentage so obscure, that he began life as a country labouring stone-mason. It is said that his first desire to distinguish himself in art, arose from his having, on a visit to Glasgow on a fair day, seen the collection of pictures on which the Foulsees were attempting to found an academy for the fine arts in Glasgow. Seized with ambition to become a painter, he removed to that city, where he sedulously attended the academy in such hours as he could spare from the labour of stone-cutting, by which he found it necessary to make his bread. That he became a proficient in drawing may be considered certain, from the accuracy with which he could imitate a form in modelling; but he probably saw that painting was the most inconvenient of all the arts, as an occupation for the evening hours of a person employed during the greater part of the daylight. Statuary appears to have been the art at which he next aimed; meanwhile accident had directed him to an arena suited to his abilities. Having proceeded to Dublin in search of employment, he became known to Dr. Quin, a gentleman who amused himself in his leisure hours, in endeavouring to imitate precious stones in coloured paste, and take impressions from ancient gems. The art which Quin endeavoured to acquire, had been known to very few persons in Europe since the classic ages when it was practised, and by these few it had not been brought to great perfection, while it had been kept strictly secret. The doctor found in Tassie, a person endowed with those qualities of perseverance, shrewdness, and taste, which qualified him for performing such experiments as would be likely to lead to the discovery of the hidden art, and gave him the full use of his laboratory. By their united exertions, they succeeded, both in making the paste, and taking impressions of the engravings; and as Dr. Quin was merely an amateur, he kindly advised Tassie to try his fortune, as a professor of the art, in London."

Here his success was great and merited. He died in 1799, and his business has been worthily carried on by his son and successor.

Mr. Chambers, we observe, projects a national portrait gallery of eminent Scotsmen—to be engraved like that of Messrs. Fishers, and accompanied by memoirs. We trust the national feeling will afford it ample support and encouragement.

The History of Greece. By Thomas Keightley. Author of the "Mythology of Greece and Italy," the "Crusaders," &c. &c. 12mo, pp. 471. London, Longman and Co.

WE have elsewhere spoken of an edition of a Latin classic (Horace) with unmeasured praise, and the merits of Mr. Keightley's *History of Greece* are so great and striking, that we feel entirely inclined to bestow a similar meed upon his very able and sterling production. In it he has achieved the principal objects at which this most important class of composition ought ever to aim. His facts have been sought from the most authentic sources, and possess, therefore, as nearly as may be, the integrity of old chronicles and simple annals; and the judgment he has exercised upon the reflective division of his labour, pointing the instruction which these facts ought to convey, is so marked by intelligence and comprehensiveness, that we confess we have rarely seen the lessons of past history more wisely or forcibly applied to the period when the living race have need of their guidance. The style is excellent, and all the arrangement clear and explicit. Old and young, scholar and schoolboy, may consult the work with advantage; and we leave it with

this deserved commendation, and one (its own) concluding extract. Has it aught like a parallel in Britain now?

"During the night after the battle most of the men fled from Corinth. Mummus, fearing an ambush, did not venture to enter the town till the third day. He put to death all the men whom he found in it, sold the women and children, carried away most of the works of art, and then set fire to the city, whose flames ascended to heaven as those of the funeral pyre of Grecian independence. (Ol. 158, 3.) Ten commissioners came from Rome to regulate the affairs of Greece. The walls of all the towns which had taken part in the war were thrown down, the democracies every where dissolved, and the direction of affairs committed to the wealthy citizens; no one could acquire landed property out of his own community; all national synods and assemblies were suppressed; and an annual tribute was imposed on Greece, which, under the name of Achæia, was governed by a Roman pro-consul. A shadow of independence remained to Athens, Crete and Rhodes. But sixty years afterwards (Ol. 173, 3.), the lower classes of the people at Athens were induced to declare for Mithradates, in his war against the Romans; the men of property fled from the devoted town, and the ruthless Sulla decimated the inhabitants. Crete remained as contemptible as ever, through internal discord and mercenary service. After a resistance of more than two years to the Roman arms during the Mithradatic war, it was conquered and reduced to the form of a province. (Ol. 178, 2.) Rhodes, under its excellent and prudent aristocracy, continued independent and respected till the time of the Roman empire. During this last period of Grecian history, the adventurous, the needy, and the ingenious, found ample employment in the civil and military service of the kings of Egypt, Syria, and the other fragments of Alexander's mighty empire. The philosophers and men of letters met a welcome reception at the courts of Egypt and Pergamus, whose kings had collected immense libraries; but the fire of Grecian genius was extinct, and criticism and compilation were now the chief occupation of those who aspired to literary eminence. In this period, however, the physical, mechanical, and mathematical sciences made rapid progress; and the names of Eratosthenes, Hipparchus, and Archimedes, will ever remain in honour. Thus have we ventured, in narrow limits, to trace the history of Greece, from the time of its emergence from the mists of mythology to that of its absorption in the wide ocean of Roman story. Greece had performed the part assigned her by the Ruler of the Universe: she had checked the westward progress of Asiatic dominion; she had developed nearly every form of political existence; she had given the world perfect models in every species of literature and art; she had displayed the evils of civil discord and absence of political unity. Two thousand years have flown since the scene closed on independent Greece, during which period, crouching beneath the despotism of the Roman, the Byzantine and the Turkish empire, she has been as sought among the nations. At length, in our own days, we have beheld her re-appearance on the political stage; and the question naturally arises, What will be her future destiny? Is she to enjoy the blessings of concord and union among the various portions of her population? Is she to emulate ancient Hellas in arts, in arms, and in literature? Is she to escape the influence of the chill withering air of northern despotism? These are

* "The Braes o' Balquhiter; Gloomy Winter's now awa; Blythe was the time when he fed wi' my Father; Loudon's bonny Woods and Braes; Jessie the flower o' Dumblane; Och hey! Johnie lad; Clean Pease Straw; O, are you sleeping, Maggie; Lowland Lassie, wilt thou go; The Harper of Mull; The Wood of Craigie; The Braes o' Gleniffer; The Lass o' Arranternie, &c. &c."

questions we venture not to answer: we hope the best, but our hopes are not sanguine; for instances of national rejuvenescence are rare in the annals of the world."

The History of the Boroughs and Municipal Corporations of the United Kingdom, from the Earliest to the Present Time; with an Examination of Records, Charters, and other Documents, illustrative of their Constitution and Powers. By Henry Alworth Mereweather, Serjeant-at-Law, &c., and Archibald John Stephens, M.A. F.R.S. &c. 8vo. pp. about 2,300. London, 1835. Stevens and Sons; Sweet; Maxwell.

THIS extensive, and apparently valuable and interesting work, which we announced last week, has reached us at a period so near the time of putting our sheet to press, that we are enabled to say little more of it at present than that the deductions which it is intended to establish, from an accumulation of facts, are—

1st. That boroughs existed in this country from the earliest periods of our authentic history; and that although all boroughs were not cities, all cities were boroughs, and had their municipal rights in that character alone. 2d. That they were all essentially alike in their object, constitution, and general character—as well in England as in Wales, Scotland, and Ireland. 3d. That the same class of persons originally formed the body of burgesses in all boroughs. 4th. That this class has never been directly changed from the earliest time to the present moment. 5th. That the burgesses were the permanent free inhabitants of the boroughs; performing their duties, and enjoying their privileges—as the free inhabitant householders, paying scot and bearing lot; presented, sworn, and enrolled at the court-leet. 6th. That they had no other character till the reign of Henry VI., when the first charter of municipal incorporation was granted, which superinduced upon the original character of burgesses that of corporators also; for the purpose of giving them the power of taking and inheriting lands by succession, and of suing and being sued by their corporate name; but the class of persons continued still the same. 7th. That the power of selecting the burgesses, now exercised by the corporations or their select bodies, by which, in some places, the numbers are reduced to the smallest, and in others increased to an equally improper amount, is a manifest usurpation, and only supported by modern decisions. 8th. That non-resident burgesses were first introduced in direct defiance of the parliamentary writ, and the statutes of the realm, in the instances of the persons elected as representatives; and afterwards extended by usurpation to the electors, particularly on the restoration of Charles II.; when, under the statute of the 13th year of that reign, the resident corporators were expelled from their offices by the king's commissions, and the great officers of state and other persons were introduced in their stead another manifest encroachment upon the ancient simplicity of these institutions. 9th. That although these usurpations were in some places corrected after the Restoration, yet in others they were improperly continued, and were subsequently sanctioned by legal authority. 10th. That the result of supporting these usurpations, and the various usages which in different places have sprung out of them, has produced an anomalous, complicated, and unintelligible system, which has given birth to a distinct branch of the law relative to corporations, more intricate and mysterious than any other

not known by those who act under it—but altogether hid from the unlearned—and but partially revealed to the learned. 11th. That nothing can restore these municipal institutions to a reasonable and practical form but re-establishing the ancient uniformity of their rights and privileges; by which means they may be equally known and understood by all classes; and any abuse, or departure from the general principle, would be instantly corrected by the influence of public opinion, or by uniform judicial determinations.”

As we shall probably, from the importance of the subject involving the constitutional history of this country, as well as on account of the many curious illustrations of ancient manners and customs to be found in these volumes, return to them next week, it is only necessary for us at present to observe that, hasty as our inspection has necessarily been, we have seen sufficient to justify us in strongly recommending the work, not merely to the study of the legal profession and the members of those houses which will shortly have to legislate upon municipal institutions, but to the attention of the general reader, feeling assured that no where else can be found so large a mass of parliamentary and constitutional history so clearly and agreeably digested.

The Two Friends, by Lady Blessington.

[Second notice: conclusion.]

As we promised a further illustration of this novel, we adopt, to begin withal, Lord Scamper's whimsical criticisms on Byron, as furnishing us with a *fair* example of the *fair* author's talent.

“Some one having talked of a new poem much read, Lord Scamper shook his head and said, ‘There was only one really interesting poem in our language.’ Half-a-dozen people asked him to name it, as all were curious to hear the opinion of a person whose judgment on horses or dogs, alone was considered sound. ‘Somerville’s Chase’ was triumphantly quoted by him as his favourite; ‘indeed,’ added he, with *naïveté*, ‘I never could get through any other poem, as they always set me to sleep.’ Lady Rosina Urquhart, with an insinuating smile, meant to captivate Mr. Stuart, a young Scotchman of large fortune, on whose heart she had certain designs, and whose taste in poetry she had, with the quickness of perception peculiar to herself and sisters, already discovered, observed that ‘The Bride of Abydos’ was, in her opinion, a most exquisite poem. ‘Why, as to that,’ said Lord Scamper, ‘I once heard it read aloud,—that is to say, between whiles,—when I was awaked by the exclamations of the ladies who were present, and when it was over, and they all were moved to tears, I asked them the simple question, of why the poem was called *Bride of Abydos*? for, as far as I could discover, there was no marriage at all in the case. They were all very angry at my remark, but I like to be exact; and when I find such mistakes, I cry out against being taken in.’ Lady Jeanet, who respected the rent-roll of Lord Scamper, however she might despise his mental qualifications, remarked, ‘That it was very true,—it was wrong to entitle ‘Zuleika,’ a bride, as she was not married;’ and she was thanked by an approving smile from Lord Scamper, who, encouraged by her assent, launched forth into a critique,—if critique it could be called,—on the other poems of Lord Byron. ‘Childe Harold,’ he pronounced to be a fanciful spoiled boy, who knew not what he wanted, who left England in disgust,—more shame for him,—and found

in every country he visited, the enmity he tried to escape from. Had he tried Melton, he would never have left England. 'The Gipsy' was a desperado, influenced only by two passions,—*love and vengeance*,—a rascal, added Lord Scamper, 'who in England would have been subject for the surgeons instead of subject for the poet. 'The Corsair,' continued he, 'was no more or less than a pirate. Now, I say that I see little good in exciting sympathy for persons whose crimes merit a gibbet, and whom a jury of twelve honest men would *execute* in a different, though less poetical, way than Byron has done. 'Lara' is another false hero, all mystery and moonshine; and yet our ladies weep over the recital of actions and crimes, which, if told in plain prose, without the charm of fine words and images, would excite their detestation; and gentlemen read with admiration of actions which, if called on as honest men on the bench of magistrates to judge, they would punish with the utmost severity of the laws, which such culprits had violated.' 'But will you not admit,' asked Lady Arden (somewhat amused with the plain matter-of-fact view Lord Scamper had taken of Lord Byron's heroes), 'that 'Parisina' is a tale full of interest?' 'Not more so,' replied Lord Scamper, 'than half the trials in actions of damages, except that the heroine chooses the son of her husband for her lover. Now, if I saw a wife or sister of mine weep over the fate of such a jade as Parisina, I should rate her soundly; and the ladies who do pity such jades, and in their boudoirs melt over the story, would be the first to turn their backs on one of their less guilty countrywomen, nay, attack her with severity, as if to prove their own purity. 'Beppo' has less humbug in it than any of the rest of Byron's poems, and therefore I like it best; but as for 'Manfred,' he is the most crazy, improbable personage that ever a poet took it into his head to paint,—a blockhead that believes in sorcery, and speechifies to mountains and rocks, and whose insinuated crimes not only ought to have prevented his being made a hero of, but ought to have led to his being shut up in a mad-house.' 'Why, as to the belief in sorcery,' said Mr. M'Tagart, 'that is, I admit, too ridiculous. I cannot imagine how a man can give in to such superstition. If Manfred had believed in the second sight, there would be some sense in it.' 'Oh! would to Heaven,' exclaimed Lady Arden, *ad voce*, 'that we had some Meleager here to destroy this Caledonian bore, who interrupts yonder Nimrod in the midst of his sapient reflections.' 'But how comes it, my lord,' asked Lady Arden, determined not to allow M'Tagart to continue, 'that you, who stated that all poems, except Somerville's Chase, set you to sleep, can have acquired such a knowledge,—I won't say an accurate one,—of Lord Byron's poems?' 'Well, as you have asked the question,' replied Lord Scamper, 'I don't mind telling you the fact. When I found, wherever I went, that people were always talking of Byron's works, and entering into details about them, I felt so cursedly foolish, knowing nothing of the subject, that I employed one of my solicitor's clerks—a clever lad—to write me down a concise account of the character of each hero, plain matter-of-fact, leaving out all descriptions and fine words. What I have told you is an abridgment of what the lad wrote; and when I found that all England were admiring persons whose crimes our laws would have punished so severely, I asked myself if it was not a shame for a man, and a peer too, to lend his genius to excite that sympathy for

guilt which should only be given to honour and virtue." A smile of contempt played over the haughty countenance of Lady Arden, which Lord Scamper observing, he added, "Your ladyship may smile at my opinions; but when I tell you that I got the clever lad I mentioned to draw out a case for each of the characters, and to submit it for counsel's opinion, and that the opinion was, that each of the imaginary persons named would be liable to the severest penalty of the laws, you will admit that I do not speak without some knowledge of the matter. None of us feel much pity for smugglers, poachers, or murderers, in real life; then why should we sympathise so much with villains in poetry?" The gentlemen laughed; the ladies, with the exception of Lady Jeanet, dissented from Lord Scamper's matter-of-fact opinions; but she looked approval, and he seemed satisfied with her approbation."

We thought to have finished here, but are tempted to add a few traits of description and observation.

Cecile de Bethune is a lovely creature, and painted delightfully.

"She was rather above than below the middle stature; her form slight, but finely rounded, with feet and hands that might have served as a model to the sculptor. Her complexion was delicately fair; her eyes large, dark, and lustrous; her hair black, and brilliant as the wing of the raven, when illuminated by the sun; and her teeth regular and white as pearls. When to these attractions are added eye-brows, whose long jetty arches lent expression to the brilliant orbs beneath them, shaded with eye-lashes, that softened but obscured not their lustre; and lips, whose bright colour made the cheeks near them look pale, we cannot wonder that Cecile de Bethune was never seen without exciting admiration, nor known without being loved."

"A morning déshabillé, that trial to female beauty, and a morning sun, which so few even of the fairest can bear, brightly beaming on her countenance, increased rather than diminished the charms of Mademoiselle de Bethune, which never appeared to greater advantage than in the simple white morning dress, leaving only her fair throat and beautiful hands uncovered, while her raven hair, in all its silken luxuriance, fell in spiral ringlets round her polished temples, and shaded, but hid not, the delicate rose of her cheeks."

"An innocent woman is consoled for the injustice of censures by the consciousness of innocence, of which nothing can deprive her; but she who feels that she merits the severity of the world, has a still more severe monitor within her own breast, whose reproaches are too bitter not to entitle her to the pity of all who reflect on her position."

The young man of wealth in London is well portrayed.

"His large fortune, ancient family, extensive connexions, and fine person, were passports to the best society that London can boast. We have placed fortune at the top of the list of his claims to attention, because it is the one that never fails to obtain it—an opinion warranted by the fact so thoroughly established, that in Christian England a wealthy Jew, with no other recommendation than his property, is sure of a cordial reception in circles where merit, wanting it, would be barely tolerated; and he who can buy 'golden opinions from all sorts of men,' will have little reason to complain of 'want of all the external marks of respect in London.' Bacon said, that 'knowledge is power;' but had he lived in our days,

he would have been compelled to substitute 'riches' for 'knowledge,' so universal is the homage paid to them in all ranks; and, when one sees the distinctions fortune can command, one is compelled to assent to the truth of the Frenchman's remark, that, '*L'or est comme le soleil, il donne à la boue de la consistance.*'"

Just remarks:—"There is always a *gaucherie* in encountering a person once loved, and to whom the strongest professions of attachment have been made, when that love is transferred to another object. A sense of shame at one's own inconstancy embarrasses the person *vis-à-vis* to a former flame, and this sentiment will always be felt in proportion to the inconstant's natural kindness of heart."

"It rarely happens that even the most innocent can escape when their actions are viewed through the medium of suspicion, which, like jealousy, gives its own colouring to every object on which it reflects. In such cases, persons imagine they are only examining when they have already condemned, because they go to the trial with excited susceptibilities, predisposed to find the suspected guilty."

A visit to the tomb of Juliet at Verona is laughably original, and with this we conclude.

"Not all their romantic feelings and sympathy for the lovers could lead them to believe that the rudely-formed trough, cut in stone, without a single ornament, exhibited to them in a vineyard, by an old woman, whose garb was enough to put sentiment and the powers of association to flight, could ever have been the resting-place of the gentle Juliet and her enamoured Romeo. Some less incredulous English—an elderly couple, who looked like a citizen and his wife—were viewing it at the same time, and the man observed aloud, 'That the poor bodies must have had scarcely room enough, though, to be sure, they were but young when they died, and young people are seldom fat;' and here the speaker suffered his eyes to dwell for a moment on a certain prominent rotundity of his person, and then glanced at one of nearly similar dimensions appertaining to his elderly wife, as though he were debating the possibility of their ever reposing in the sarcophagus before them. The good lady seemed to understand what was passing in his mind, for she looked kindly at him, and placed her arm within his with a certain cordiality that seemed to express the hope that it might be long ere they were consigned to their last rest. 'Little did we think, my dear,' said the husband, 'when we saw Miss O'Neill play Juliet, that ever we should be looking into the stone coffin of the real Juliet! Well, well, you remember, my dear, when I tried to stop you from crying so much, by telling you that it was all an imagination of Shakspeare's; who'd have thought of our coming to the very town where the real tragedy happened, and seeing the very coffin the lovers were buried in!' The old ciceroine observing, with the acuteness of her profession, that the elderly couple before her were more gullible than Heatherfield and Desbrow, directed her attention chiefly to them; and after some whispering with their *laquais de place*, an offer was made to them, of which he was the interpreter, that a lock of Juliet's hair might be had for a certain sum. The offer was immediately accepted, and the friends left the sentimental old couple exchanging their piales for a mesh of tangled hair, whose coarse texture denoted that it had never graced a gentle head, if, indeed, it had not owed its origin to the old ciceroine's; and after being looked at with reverence, it was carefully consigned to the bulky pocket-

book of the husband, and placed next his passport and letter of credit."

We now take our leave of the *Two Friends*, and venture to say they are likely to make themselves numerous friends among the readers of novels; though we must end ungraciously by remonstrating against Lady Blessington, whose English style is in general excellent, for introducing such words as "*volage*," "*estimation*" instead of "*estimate*," &c. and being rather fond of "*tepid*," and two or three other pet adjectives. Specks, to be sure; but the brighter the crystal the less are even specks to be tolerated.

An Attempt to Discriminate the Styles of Architecture in England from the Conquest to the Reformation; with a Sketch of the Grecian and Roman Orders, Notices of numerous British Edifices, and some Remarks on the Architecture of a Part of France. By Thomas Rickman, F.S.A. Architect. 8vo. pp. 339. London, 1835. Longman and Co.

In theory, and, which is far better, in practice, a very able architect, it is with pleasure we turn to Mr. Rickman, and see his copious and descriptive title-page justly enriched with the words "fourth edition," and his excellent work rendered still more acceptable to the public, by "very considerable additions and new plates." This standard volume has long been out of print, and we greet its reappearance with entire satisfaction; for, in spite of the jobs which have been perpetrated, and are at this day perpetrating, to the great disfigurement of the country and the capital, and to the utter disgrace of the science of architecture, we yet trust that the enlightened views of competent writers may arrest the farther progress of these shameful abortions—and especially when they come from men, like Mr. Rickman, who have embodied example upon precept, and shewn the world that they can build as well as point the way, and practice as well as preach the true doctrines of fitness, and beauty, and grandeur. We earnestly recommend this treasury of ancient architectural investigation to every reader of taste, and to all who desire to possess a knowledge of the edifices which remain from the earliest periods, to shew what has been done in the British Isles. For ourselves, we unequivocally declare for a return to the pure spring of "English undefiled," in architecture, even more than in literature—to a style equally adapted for the solemnity and sublimity of sacred, and the conveniences and picturesque effects of domestic structures; and we deprecate the more, the more we see of them, all the *bizarre* attempts to plant Greek medleys upon our soil—neither suited to interior purposes, the climate, nor the scenery.

Q. Horatii Flacci Opera Omnia, ex recensione Frid. Guil. Daering. With explanatory Notes by C. Anthon, LL.D., &c. Pp. 615. London, 1835. Priestley.

A VERY admirable edition of our favourite poet; one, we should say, perfectly satisfactory to the classic and critic, and of the utmost value to the student. The notes evince not only the labour of the diligent inquirer and commentator, but the skill and intelligence of the accomplished scholar. In short, and it is a delight to be able to state so much shortly, we are quite contented with this convenient, cheap, and excellent volume—and care not to look for our Horace even in quartos or folios. It is, indeed, *sosiorum pumice mundus*; and if Dr. Anthon proposed in it *ad umbilicum adducere* in the best possible manner, we must

accede to him that he has fairly accomplished his task. A publication of greater merit, or of more information and utility in its class, we have never seen; and it is so totally unlike the common mixtures which we are in the habit of examining under the guise of novelties, that we feel we cannot speak too warmly in its praise.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Exile of Erin, or the Sorrows of a Rashful Irishman. 2 vols. 12mo. (London, Whittaker.)—The few pages we have had time to read of this work impress us favourably with its talent and cleverness; but (though already noticed and much applauded in monthly magazines and daily papers) it only reached us on Thursday, and we cannot form an opinion of the whole at a glance.

Bibliopæia, or the Art of Bookbinding, in all its Branches; illustrated with Engravings; by J. A. Arnett. Pp. 212. (London, Groombridge.)—As far as our knowledge goes of this mechanical branch of art, so essential to the preservation of books, and, when well executed, so useful in facilitating their convenient perusal, the present appears to be a neat and accurate compendium of the information announced in its title.

The Grammar of Entomology, by Edward Newman. 12mo. pp. 304. (London, Westley and Davis.)—What it purports to be, a useful grammar of entomology, which will inform the student of the history and classification of the insect world.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

SAILING OF THE EXPEDITION TO THE EUPHRATES.

AFTER a great many doubts and vacillations, induced by the change in the government and the uncertain state of affairs, this interesting and important expedition is finally on the eve of departing. At one time it was suggested to go round the Cape; at another, the Grand Seignor refused his sanction and the necessary *hatti scherif*; again, greater perils were anticipated, and the design was suspended; and, at last, it was all but decided that the party should not proceed on their destination.*

The "George Canning," a barque of 390 tons, wearing his majesty's broad pennant, will have sailed from Liverpool before this meets the eye of our readers. All the instruments have been carefully embarked, and are of the most admirable and useful description, amounting in value to more than 3000*l.*; partly purchased, and partly patriotic donations.

The "George Canning" was to have sailed on Sunday last, but Lieutenant Colbourn and Mr. Ainsworth were engaged in some magnetic observations which could not be completed in time for the tide, though they had a steamer in attendance to accelerate their movements. Meanwhile a seaman fell overboard, and Fitzjames, one of the mates, gallantly plunged in to rescue him from a watery grave. Both very nearly found it, for the tide was running so rapidly that, though the steamer paddled in pursuit with her utmost speed, they were carried half-a-mile before they were overtaken and, with considerable difficulty, saved.

The crew are spoken of in terms of great approbation, being chiefly young, gentlemanly, and well-conducted men. Col. Chesney, the commander, is well known to the world by his past travels, and the abilities he displayed in his intercourse with the jealous natives of eastern lands. Capt. Estcourt is second in command, with the charge of the pendulum observations. Lieut. Murphy, royal engineer, is astronomer and surveyor; Lieut. Colbourn, royal artillery, is at the head of the military detachment. Lieut. Cleveland, royal navy, is naval chief,

* It is lamentable to observe so truly national an undertaking as this is made a party business; but, when we find Mr. Barrow abusing it in the *Quarterly*, and Mr. Peacock speaking highly of it in the *Edinburgh Review*, we feel that the poison of politics is operating even here.—Ed. J. G.

with Mr. Charlewood first mate, Mr. Fitzjames (already mentioned) second mate, and Mr. Eden third mate. Mr. Thompson is draughtsman and assistant surveyor. Dr. Staunton, R.A. is physician, and Mr. Ainsworth (the author of esteemed publications on *Geology* and *Cholera*, often noticed in our pages), is surgeon and naturalist, with Mr. Staunton as his assistant in both departments. Lieut. Lynch and Mr. V. Germain, both attached to the surveying department, are appointed to join the expedition in Asia; and both have already been much practically engaged in astronomical and trigonometrical surveys in the east.

The "George Canning" will probably lay in provisions at Cork, and stop a week at Malta; and, thence proceeding, land the heavy baggage, including the iron steam-boat, the diving-bell, &c. up the Orontes, most likely at Antioch. A portion of the expedition, however, it is proposed, shall land at Scanderoun.

Arrived at Bir, the first object contemplated is an exploratory excursion down the River, to make friends with the Arabs, both the fixed and the wandering tribes; and examine more minutely than heretofore the general chance of success in the navigation of the Euphrates. It would then sail for Bassora or Korna; and, while the larger steam-vessel was left for the purpose of keeping up and protecting the navigation of the Euphrates, the smaller one would be employed in assisting the labours in the sciences of geography and natural history, by navigating the Tigris and the Kawun. This, indeed, must be the most novel and interesting episode connected with this very important enterprise.

Such is the broad outline of the expedition; which may Heaven prosper, and safely return the gallant hearts embarked in it to the relations and friends who love them, and to the country they have served.

LINNEAN SOCIETY.

MR. LAMBERT in the chair.—Read a paper entitled, "Observations on the genus *Hosackia*, and the American loti, by George Bentham, Esq. The author in his communication describes eleven species of this curious genus, of which seven are entirely new to science. The genus is peculiar to the American continent. Baron Benjamin Delessert, of Paris; Professor Lichtenstein, of Berlin; Professor Fries, of Lund; Professor Reinwardt, of Leyden; Professor Bertoloni, of Bologna; Dr. Herold, of Marburg, and Dr. Harlan, of Philadelphia, were proposed as foreign members of the society. Unless individuals are distinguished by eminent scientific or literary acquirements, or otherwise, we rarely take up the time of our readers by notifying names, whether proposed as fellows or elected. In justice to our foreign readers we could not omit the above splendid list.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

DR. RITCHIE, on the Newtonian and Undulatory Theories of Light.—After a short notice of the nature of the two theories, and the postulates required by the advocates of each, he proceeded to give a comparative view of them, so that each person might decide for himself which was most consonant to nature and truth. He reasoned that every analogy was against the corpuscular, or theory of radiation; and in favour of that which supposes all the phenomena of light to result from rapid undulations, excited in a highly elastic medium, diffused throughout all space. The analogies between the senses of hearing and

seeing were shewn to be exceedingly close, the phenomena of the one being strikingly illustrated by those of the other. Light and sound were reflected, according to the same laws, and the total internal reflection of light was declared to have its counterpart in the reflection of sound. The common-place argument, that light moves in a straight line, and that sound may be made to circulate round an obstacle, was shewn to be quite fallacious; the difference in the bending of the waves of light and sound depending merely on their velocity. From the late experiments of M. Callédon on the Lake of Geneva, the curious fact is now (according to the learned professor) established, that we may have the *shadow* of a sound as well as the *shadow* of an opaque body. The theory of Newton's rings was then examined, and the exceedingly artificial and improbable "theory of fits of easy reflection and refraction" freely discussed. The lecturer shewed, that the dark and bright spaces in these rings were the necessary consequence of the addition or interference of the waves of light. The beautiful investigations of Dr. Young, Arago, and Fresnel, on the length of the waves of light, and their interference, was then illustrated by means of large drawings; the experiments being of too delicate and difficult a nature to be exhibited without the aid of solar light. The lecturer pointed out the general methods by which the number of undulations in the ethereal medium, performed in a second of time, had been determined. However wonderful it might appear to the general reader, it was clearly proved that the vibrations, or undulations of the ethereal medium, which constitute *red*, must be performed 458 billions of times in one second of time; whilst those which constitute the violet ray must be performed 727 billions of times in the same short period. This might, at first sight, appear exceedingly improbable to those who had long been accustomed to view light as consisting of material particles, shooting through space with an immense velocity; but to those who would examine the supplementary part of the theory, namely, the theory of fits, the improbability must appear against the Newtonian theory. It was certainly much more improbable, that the particles of light from the glow-worm should be projected with the same velocity as the light of the sun, and revolve 363 billions of times round their centres every second of time, than that a series of rapid undulations should be communicated to the surrounding ether. The lecturer alluded to the beautiful discoveries of Mr. Faraday, as affording an additional proof in favour of the undulatory theory.

Our limits will not allow us to enter into all the arguments adduced in its favour, and against that of the Newtonian; but from the fearless manner in which the lecturer stated his views, and from the high names of Huyghens, Young, Arago, Fresnel, Airy, Herschel, &c., who have all written on the same view of the subject, it appears that there is scarcely a philosopher in Europe who is not a convert to this system. The analogies between sound, heat, and light, are so strong, that the lecturer concluded by stating his conviction, that we not only hear by means of the air within our ears, but actually see by the light contained in our eyes, and are warmed by the heat essentially belonging to our own bodies.

ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

COL. SYKES in the chair.—From the report for January last, it appeared that the receipts

during that month was 1937l. 15s. 8d.; expenditure 1788l. 8s. 8d. including 341l. 10s. on the Well account; leaving a balance, on Feb. 1, of 676l. 13s. Visitors to the museum in January were nearly 4000. Several fellows were elected, others proposed. The report also stated the progress made in the works at the gardens, but beyond what we last reported on this head, there was nothing of importance. A committee of accounts was appointed. Living specimens were lately exhibited of a species of Bee from South America, together with portions of its comb, contained in the fissure of a log of wood. They were presented to the society by Mr. Bigg, who stated, in a note accompanying the specimens, that they were found about three weeks before, on splitting a log of peach wood from the Brazils, for the use of a dye-house, on the premises of a calico-printer at Crayford, in Kent. The wood had been previously lying in the Docks, and had been, perhaps, eighteen months from the Brazils. Mr. Curtis, to whom specimens were submitted for examination, states that they belong to the genus *Trigona*, Jus., and form a very pretty and apparently undescribed species.

ENTOMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

JANUARY 26.—This meeting, being the second anniversary of the society, was held for the election of the council and officers for the year ensuing, and for receiving the auditors' report of the accounts. J. G. Children, Esq. Sec. R.S. was in the chair. The minutes of the last meeting having been read, a very gratifying report of the finances of the society was read by the auditors, and unanimously adopted. The president delivered an address upon leaving the chair, in which he congratulated the Society upon the rapid progress of Entomology, and upon the favourable nature of the report just received. The secretary also read a sketch of the recent progress of Entomology both at home and abroad; at the conclusion of which the scrutineers reported that the following gentlemen had been elected as officers for the ensuing year, namely, the Rev. F. W. Hope, F.R.S. president, Mr. Yarroll, treasurer, Mr. Pickering, curator, and Mr. Westwood, secretary. Also, that four members of the council having been removed, their places had been filled by four other members of the Society. Thanks were then voted to the retiring officers.

February 2.—The Rev. F. W. Hope, president, in the chair.—The minutes of the last meeting were read and confirmed; and numerous donations of Entomological works and insects were announced, from the Entomological Society of Paris, the Count de Castelnau, M. Gory, M. Chevrolat, of Paris, &c. The president nominated four of the members to act as vice-presidents during the ensuing year. Lieut.-Col. Sykes exhibited a specimen of the land-crab of the Decan, upon the habits of which he made some observations. Numerous beautiful, rare, and undescribed insects were exhibited, including several new British Crustacea. Mr. G. R. Gray read a monograph upon the beautiful but anomalous lepidopterous genus *Castria*, which he illustrated by an exhibition of an extensive series of those exotic insects. The secretary read a memoir upon the economy of the pomegranate-butterfly of the East Indies. A discussion upon the various subjects brought under the notice of the meeting, took place, in which many of the members joined. Notice was given that the council had resolved to extend the time for receiving the prize essays upon the turnip-fly until the anniversary in January 1836.

RUSSELL INSTITUTION.

ON Thursday Mr. Atherstone delivered the first of a course of weekly lectures on poetry. Mr. A. is a pleasant, easy lecturer, and made most of his selections with great taste and judgment. The room is finely adapted for these purposes, but was rather thinly attended on Thursday. We hope it will be better filled during the remainder of the course, the first of which was well worthy the notice of our poetical friends.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

DR. JENNINGS in the chair.—The reading of Mr. Faraday's paper entitled, "Experimental researches in electricity," 9th series, was resumed and concluded. The object of this paper is the explication of certain remarkable effects produced at the moment when a voltaic or other electric current either originates or ceases. If the current of a single pair of plates be employed, and the wire communicating them be very short, scarcely a sensible spark is seen either in making or breaking of contact; but if a long wire be used, a bright spark is produced when the contact is broken. If the ends of the short wire be held in the moistened hands, no shock is felt on breaking contact; nor any sensation, if the ends of the wire are communicated with the mouth. When the long wire is used, no effects are felt in the hands, but they can be perceived in the mouth; and when the long wire is that which forms the spirals of an electro-magnet, then a powerful shock, either in the hands or mouth, is obtained. It is very remarkable that, in relation to the long and short wires, that which carries by far the least electricity—namely, the long one—is that which produces the most powerful effects. These effects Mr. Faraday reduces to simple cases of the induction of electric currents described in his first series. The proof is of the following nature:—When the long wire is used for connection, there is a powerful spark on breaking contact; but if a second long wire run parallel, and close to the first, and be itself connected with a galvanometer, then, on breaking contact, there is no spark, or scarcely one, at the first wire, but a current runs round the second. This current is in the same direction as the current which is stopped in accordance with the original law of induction. When the second wire is removed the induction equally occurs; but its effect is to produce a current in the very wire which conveyed the current that was stopped. Thus, if a current be running through a long wire, its intensity and energy is increased manifold at the moment of its cessation, through the influence of induction; and Mr. Faraday has proved also, that when a current is first established there is a corresponding retardation and depression of its force, also due to induction. Length of wire is essential to the phenomenon, because the inductive force is repeated in every successive portion of the wire. If the wire be made a helix, the inductive action is increased, because the different spirals of the helix act materially on each other. If a wire of soft iron be put in the helix, the effect is still more powerful, because the iron becomes magnetical; and when the current ceases, by losing that magnetism, acts as a very strong current suddenly stopped would do. The influence of these principles of induction in magneto-electric machines, and in other cases, is finally pointed out, and some general conclusions

drawn respecting the various forms of the electric discharge.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

JANUARY 21.—Read a paper on the Early Chronology of Egypt, by the Rev. G. Tomlinson. This paper contained the results of a comparative examination of some of the principal fragments of Egyptian chronology. The examination was not made upon any preconceived theory, but simply by comparing the lists of kings given by Manetho and Eratosthenes with the tablet of Abydos: the middle line of that tablet being restored from the chamber of Karnac. These lists were arranged in parallel columns; those names which are generally allowed to be identical in each were placed opposite to each other, and the intervening names and spaces were attentively compared.

The points which seem to be established by this examination are, 1. That there were not more than five consecutive dynasties preceding the reign of Osirtasen the First, the earliest of the series of Pharaohs whose place is positively ascertained. 2. That the kings of the tablet of Abydos who precede Ahmos, namely, the Osirtasen family, are identical with those of the twelfth dynasty of Manetho. This is shewn, not only from the relative position in the two lists, but from other considerations. The last sovereign of the twelfth dynasty was a queen, named Skemphores; and the wife of Ahmos, the first of the eighteenth dynasty (through whom he derived the crown), was named Ahmenophre: of which the Greek name is considered to be a corruption. 3. That the three lines of the tablet of Abydos, in its entire state, probably contained the whole succession of the Pharaohs anterior to Ramses the Great, according to the priests of Abydos.

The writer considers it not possible to arrive at absolute certainty upon these points; it being very probable that there were differences of opinion among the priests, even as early as the time of Eratosthenes, as to the succession of the more ancient Pharaohs. But if the connexion traced between the twelfth and eighteenth dynasty be correct, the writer will have removed one great stumbling-block out of the way of chronologists and historians.

February 4.—At the meeting of the Society this day, it was resolved, for the convenience of such of the members as have hitherto been prevented from attending the meetings, by the early hour at which they were held, to meet, for the future, at four o'clock, on the second and fourth Thursday in each month. It was also announced, that on every Thursday during the season the Society's apartments will be opened, and attendance and accommodation given, for the advantage of members who may wish to make use of them for the purposes of literary intercourse, and to promote the interests of the Society.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

MR. HAMILTON in the chair.—Mr. Stoddard exhibited a small torques of gold lately found at Boyton, in Suffolk. Mr. Kempe exhibited some very perfect sepulchral vases, containing bones and ashes, a mirror, and two glass lachrymatories, discovered in a dissenters' burial-ground in Deveril Street, Dover Road, near the course of the ancient Watling Street. This piece of ground was evidently anciently used for the same purpose as at present, that of sepulture, as similar remains are found in almost every new grave that is dug. From the coarseness of the manufacture, Mr. Kempe

conjectures these vases are not Roman, but British; which opinion is strengthened by the circumstance, that no coins are found there, as is usual in Roman burial-places; and as a contrast to the British pottery, Mr. Kempe exhibited in juxtaposition some beautiful specimens of Samian ware, found on the site of St. Michael's church, Crooked Lane. He is of opinion that the Watling Street was an ancient British road, raised by the Romans to a stratum or street. The mirror was broken, probably intentionally over the remains of the female to whom it had belonged, as it was a common practice to break their swords over the deceased warriors. A further portion was read of the correspondence with Sir Thomas Wyatt, Henry the 8th's ambassador to the emperor, from the Hoby papers.

Literary and Scientific Meetings for the Week.

Monday 9th.—Royal Geographical, at 9 P.M.; Medical, at 8 P.M.
 Tuesday 10th.—Zoological, 8½ P.M.; Society of Arts, Evening Illustrations, 8 P.M.; Royal Medical and Chirurgical, BERNERS STREET, 8½ P.M.; Medico-Botanical, 8 P.M.; Inst. of Civil Engineers, 8 P.M.
 Wednesday 11th.—Society of Arts, 7½ P.M.; Literary Fund, 3 P.M.
 Thursday 12th.—Royal Society, 8½ P.M.; Antiquaries, 8 P.M.; Russell Institution, Atherstone's Lecture on Poetry, 8 P.M.
 Friday 13th.—Royal Institution, 8½ P.M.; Astronomical, 8 P.M.
 Saturday 14th.—Westminster Medical, 8 P.M.

FINE ARTS.

BRITISH INSTITUTION.

THE private view of the works of modern artists will gratify the *élite* to-day; for three rooms full of more beautiful pictures have never before asserted the genius of our native school. From a late and hurried glance we can at present say no more; but a lady by Parris, and a bound by Landseer, struck us with perfect astonishment. They are masterpieces; and would shame the whole Gallery, were they not surrounded by productions of infinite variety and great talent.

MR. THOM'S EXHIBITION OF SCULPTURE, OLD BOND STREET.

THE exhibition of sculpture and models by Mr. Thom has just been re-opened, with considerable additions. We mentioned last year that this able and self-taught artist was employed in modelling a group from Burns's song of

"Willie brew'd a peck o' maut,
 And Rob and Allan cam to see."

Although we cannot say

"There are they met, three merry boys,"

for Rob has not yet arrived, Willie and Allan are to be seen in high glee together; and it is evident that they have lost no time, but are fully prepared to sing the jovial chorus:

"We are na fou, we're no that fou,
 But just a drapple in our ee;
 The cock may craw, the day may daw,
 And aye we'll taste the barley bree."

Of Burns, however, there are a fine bust and statue, in his more meditative mood, modelled after the best portraits and descriptions of him extant. There is also a remarkably spirited head of Mr. Thom himself. These are the principal novelties. Of the statues of Old Mortality and his Pony, and of the miniature group of Tam O'Shanter, Souter Johnny, the landlord and the landlady, we have already spoken.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Crucifixion. Drawn and engraved by John Martin. Moon.

HAVING successfully treated so many of the grand themes of Scripture history, Mr. Martin

has at length ventured upon that, in comparison with the sublimity of which every other event shrinks into perfect insignificance.

"O! never since the infant beam of Time
 Glanced on the new-born world, was such an hour!
 The Temple's veil was rent in awful proof;
 The Sun of Israel set; the eternal curse
 Was blotted out with holy blood!—Earth quail'd,
 As though some Spirit of the skies had come
 To heave her huge foundations! every rock
 And mountain shook, while o'er the muttering deep
 The dismal waters cold—as if they feared!
 And last, the graves unlock'd themselves, and shades
 Stalked out, and glided through the quaking town,
 And floated by the living, like faint glooms
 Of fairy moonlight o'er a pallid wall."—MONTGOMERY.

There are two ways in which the subject has been approached by painters. One (by much the more frequent), in which our Saviour forms not only the most conspicuous, but nearly the only conspicuous object; and in which, therefore, the interest is almost exclusively concentrated upon the divine sufferer: the other (of rare occurrence), in which, still preserving to the cross a proper and superior importance, the magnificent scene of this awful tragedy, the holy city and its environs, the episodic groups of spectators, and the various accompanying circumstances of deep solemnity and terror so finely described in the sacred volume, are all represented in detail. It is scarcely necessary for us to say that the peculiar genius of Mr. Martin has induced him to adopt the latter course.

In the middle distance is Mount Calvary, with our Saviour in his mortal agony; and at each side one of the malefactors who were crucified at the same time. At the foot of the cross are Mary, the mother of Jesus, the disciple John, Mary, the wife of Cleophas, and the disciples, overpowered with grief. Immediately in advance of them is the Roman centurion, who became a convert; and just before him are the high priest and his attendants, and a Jewish chief, thrown by the fright of his horse at the thunder and the earthquake, being a type of the fall of Jerusalem. At the lateral base of the mount are a number of the followers of Christ, despairing at his death. In a gulph which separates the Mount from the foreground, the graves are opening, and the body of a saint which slept is arising; a group of females are flying terrified from the apparition. On Mount Goreb (from which the view is taken), and comparatively near the eye, Mary Magdalene, and Mary, the mother of James and Joseph, and the mother of Zebedee's children, are in the deepest affliction. Behind Mount Calvary are the Outer Walls of the city, crowded with the spectators of the crucifixion; and beyond them is the vast metropolis of Judaea, as minutely described by Josephus, with its numerous and splendid gates, towers, temples, palaces, and other public and private edifices. The extreme distance closes with the Mount of Olives. A dense and dark cloud overhangs the greater part of the city; the sun is obscured; and a vivid flash of lightning rends the veil of the temple in the midst.

Such is a slight outline of the materials with which Mr. Martin has constructed this magnificent composition. Of the manner in which his powerful and fertile pencil has filled up that outline, some idea may be formed by those who have seen his other works, and who are aware of his extraordinary talent in depicting grand, and wild, and varied scenery; in populating that scenery with myriads of human beings, all actively contributing to the interest of the story; in piling stupendous and elegant edifices upon stupendous and elegant edifices; in accumulating rugged and lofty mountains upon rugged and lofty mountains; in communicating

the notion of interminable space; and, above all, in producing those effects of chiaroscuro and contrast, which belong to the mysterious and the terrible. With reference to these qualities, and especially to that last mentioned, *The Crucifixion* appears to us to be at least equal, if not superior, to any of Mr. Martin's former productions.

Studies of Cattle. Drawn from Nature, by Thomas Sidney Cooper. Nos. I. and II. S. and J. Fuller.

ONE of the most able and pleasing little publications of the kind that we ever met with. It is to comprehend representations of oxen, bulls, cows, sheep, swine, asses, goats, deer, &c.; the whole illustrative for the various compositions of landscape scenery. The first number consists wholly of cows, the second (with the exception of a single beautiful dog), of sheep. Nothing can be finer than the form and character of the different animals; and the lithography is singularly delicate and finished.

John J. Audubon, F.R.S., S.L., and E., &c. &c. Painted by F. Cruickshank, Esq., engraved by C. Turner, A.R.A. Flavell.

THIS miniature-portrait of the able, enterprising, and persevering naturalist, of whom we have no doubt it is a faithful, as it certainly is a characteristic resemblance, is beautifully executed. The merit is probably divided between the painter and the engraver; but we do not recollect to have ever seen a mezzotint head of the same size so sharp and perfect.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

VERSIONS FROM THE GERMAN.
 (Fifth Series.)

Count Egmont, a Tragedy.—Goethe.

WE need only preface this scene by observing that the heroine, a girl of inferior rank, is beloved by Count Egmont. Brackenbergh has been her friend and lover from childhood; and partly to preserve her secret, but still more from a mistaken kindness, which hopes that affection can be an equivalent for love, Clara encourages his visits. I only attempt (with one exception), to render the scenes in which she appears. Clara's character appears to me full of interest and poetry. You see her first, simple, and ignorant of that world from which she has lived secluded. Her attachment has originated in her imagination. The hero has been her idol before he was her lover. She looks up to him, and her tenderness is almost worship; but sorrow brings its strength. The imprisonment of Egmont rouses all the latent energies of her mind. She who, "save to church," had never trod the public streets, rushes to the market-place, and strives with kindling words to excite the people to save their leader. Her efforts are vain; and those whom life has parted death re-unites. Count Egmont, one of the Protestant leaders in the Netherlands, was imprisoned and executed by the Duke of Alba. The first victim in as noble a cause, crowned by as glorious a triumph, as history records.

Scene I.—(Clara, Mother, Brackenbergh.)

[A little chamber, in a narrow street, Where neatness lends a charm to poverty. Some signs there are of better days: and taste, Simple, yet graceful, making its delight Of natural enjoyment. Scattered round Are common flowers; and softened daylight comes Through the green branches of the plants that crowd The window sill. There, bending o'er her wheel, Whose low perpetual murmur fills the room, The aged woman marks her daughter's face, And in its loveliness recalls her own. A youth, too, reads that face, as if his life Had written all its history there. To him The world, save where it shines, is as a blank Which memory, like the melancholy moon, Fills with a borrowed light. The youth is pale, As if his childhood taxed a mother's care With many anxious hours.]

Mother.

Children, ye are too sad! Once this dull room Was gladdened with your frequent mirth. Brackenbergh. Ah! once! Mother. Come, sing! and sing together! Clara. What shall we sing? Brackenbergh. What pleases you.

Clara. Then I will choose our song.
Quick, gay, as if our notes were like the steps
That rush to battle—'tis a soldier's song.

(She sings, while Brackenber, accompanying her, holds the yarn which she is winding.)

Fife and trumpet are sounding
The battle alarms;
How my wild heart is bounding—
My love is in arms.

His bright lance is gleaming
On high in the air;
His banner is streaming—
I would I were there!

Oh, had I a helmet,
A sword, and a shield,
I would follow my true love
Away to the field!

Hark! hark! the death rattle
Of shot from the gun;
Our chief leads the battle—
He leads—it is won!

Would I were the meanest
That belted a sword;
Its edge were the keenest
That drew for my lord!

To pray and sigh for him
Is all that I can;
I would strike and die for him,
If I were a man!

(Brackenber watches her during her song. He soon ceases to accompany her; and, letting the skin fall from his hand, goes to the window. Clara rises, as if to follow him; but resumes her seat. Brackenber, at her request, goes to inquire what has caused the unusual attendance of guards upon the regent who is passing.)

Mother.

Why sent you the good youth away so soon?
Clara.

Blame me not, mother; for I blame myself.
My spirits are oppressed when he is here—
I know not how to look, or how to speak!
The wrong I do him cuts me to the heart.

Mother.

Clara, he loves you with a faithful love.
Clara.

I cannot help it—would we could be friends!
How I reproach me the deceit I use;
He brings so many kindly thoughts to mind—
How many pleasures have we shared together—
How many thoughts exchanged. Sometimes he takes

My hand so softly and so timidly,
With such undoubting confidence of love!
How can I feed so fond a faith in vain?
I have no hope to give; and yet I lack
The courage that would tell him to despair.

Mother.

Time was, you loved him well enough to wed.
Clara.

I knew not then the mightiness of love,
Or how a heart requires a heart again;
I wished him well—God knows I wish it still—
But loved him—never! never!

Mother.

Well, maiden, in your folly you have lost
A calm, a happy, and a loving home.

Clara.

Not loving, mother!—love asks more, much more!

I try to gather up my thoughts in vain—
I doubt, I fear, it is his absence, mother,
That spreads its own dismay; were Egmont
nigh,

All would be clear. He is my light—my life—
Existence is without him incomplete—
How great he is! Our land on him relies!
Why should not I—I who am in his arms

The happiest creature on God's blessed earth?

Mother.

And for the future—ask if the hereafter—

Clara.

I only ask the present—if he loves me?

Mother.

Children and sorrow come together. First
Are sleepless nights, and cradle watchings—
next

Your age is vexed with maiden fantasies,
And your girl's lover costeth you more care
Than ever did your own. It is not well!

Clara.

You did not always blame me, mother dear!
When first I sought the casement, just to watch
Our stately hero pass, you came as well;
And when his dark eye sought me out with
smiles,

Did you not feel the greeting half your own?

Mother.

My foolish fondness for thee was too kind.

Clara.

When he came often—came here day by day—
And well we knew his coming was for me—
Were you not proud and joyful as myself,
When on our threshold waiting, and for him,
Was I called back, my mother?

Mother.

I never thought it would have gone so far—

Clara.

And when, at length, wrapped in his cloak, he
came,

Who was it greeted—gladly too—our guest?
I leant upon my chair, pale, trembling—still
As if spell bound: I could not speak to him.

Mother.

He is so kind—so frank—one cannot choose,
But give the cheerful welcome which he makes.

Clara.

Ah, this poor house is heaven, since he came
here.

What princess but would envy in his heart
The lowly Clara's place! How fond his love—
How anxious for me—and how tender of me—
Love mine—my idol! Not in his true heart
Beats one false pulse!

Mother.

Does he come here to-day?

Clara.

Have you not seen me at the window, mother?
The floor creaked, and I reddened at the
noise—

I thought it was a step—and still my eyes,
Though turned on other things, have watched
the door.

Mother.

You are so eager, you betray yourself.
The wood-cut which your cousin shewed—how
near

It had betrayed your secret. Egmont's form
Scarce caught your eye, before you cried, 'Tis
he!

Clara.

'Tis hard to hide a heart so full as mine!
It was the fight near Gravelines—and there
His horse was killed beneath him—and my
heart

Gave all the wretched picture lacked to shew.
Nay, I must laugh. There Egmont stood, as tall
As the old tower, or the good English ship
That rode hard by. I saw the hero stand,
His helmet off, the wind in his dark hair,
And his eye bright with triumph. Often now
I think how I was used to fancy war,
Familiar from my childhood, with the name—
The honoured name of Egmont. I was wont
To image what the hero's self might be:
How feel I now?

(Brackenber returns, says that there has been a tumult in the town, and proposes to go. Clara does not attempt to detain him—but, withdrawing the hand which he attempts to take, leaves the room with her mother.)

Brackenber (solus).

I scarcely meant to go so soon away—
I felt my heart swell when she said no word
That might induce my stay. Unhappy one!
The perils darkening o'er thy father land
Affect not thee. No general sympathy
Stirs generous anger in thy laggard veins.
Spaniard, or countryman—the same to thee—
I had a nobler spirit as a boy;
My very school-task roused its youthful wrath
At the oppressor's name. But now I hang
Devotedly upon a maiden's look.
I cannot leave her! Can she not love me?
The gentle ties gathered by many years,
Affections garnered since our first small words:
These cannot be forgotten all—like dreams!
Can she have cast me from her thoughts? Not
quite—

Yet half is worse than nothing. Oh! no more
Can I endure this worst of misery—doubt!
Can it be true—the whisper which I heard—
That at this very door a cavalier
Stands with the night, his cloak around his face;
Aye enters? No! it is a false, base lie!
Clara is innocent, as I am wretched;
Yet time was when she loved, or seemed to love:
Can I forget the happiness that pierced
My heart like sudden pain—yet was so sweet.
False hope! that in thy cruelty dost paint
A perfect joy—a paradise far off.
And that first kiss—that one—'t was here.

(Laying his hand on the table.)

Gentle she always was, and kind, and sweet.
But there was softness in her eyes that night.
I never read their light so close before.
I know not how—but there my lip touched hers.
My head was dizzy with the wild delight.
Oh! would that I had died! I think of death
As if he were a friend—severe and cold—
From whom I shrink—but yet my only friend.

L. E. L.

(To be continued.)

DRAMA.

ADELPHI.

ON Monday the indefatigable Yates produced a mythological burletta, entitled *Celestia*; or, *the World in the Moon*: and a most delightful world that of the moon must be, if half so magnificent as it is made at the Adelphi; for, notwithstanding the smallness of the stage, the scenery equalled, if it did not surpass, the most attractive at the larger houses. We were charmed in particular with the "retreat of the nymphs," in the second act; and not more with the retreat itself than with the fair retreaters, who are certainly a bevy of twelve as pretty girls as ever danced off the boards of a theatre. The dresses, decorations, &c. were on the same splendid scale as the scenery. In short, no expense seems to have been spared to render this piece worthy of that applause which the general efforts of the management have so deservedly secured throughout a most enterprising and successful season. The earthlings were excellent, and the lunarians captivating, with Miss Daly and Mrs. Honey at their head. We will not attempt to tell the story, but most cordially recommend our readers to go and see this dazzling novelty. On Mr. Yates announcing it for repetition "every evening till further notice," he was greeted with thunders of applause from every part of a house crammed to the ceiling; and if the roof had been high enough, we dare say it would have been crammed to the Moon. Miss Land, whose singing in concerts has

received its due tribute of applause from us, made her *début*, and in that department confirmed our highest praise. As an actress, she has yet all to learn. We ought in justice to notice how much Mrs. Honey has improved as a singer; and that her performance of the blind girl in *Pompeii* is, even after Mrs. Keeley, a very superior effort.

OLYMPIC.

NOTHING new, except *The Widow* figuring in new characters (and we should fear in *The Wrong Box*), as a litigant: first, with C. Dance, on whom she insists on imposing a fine of 20*l.* for writing a popular song for her to sing in her theatre; and, second, with one of her box-keepers, an insolvent, who was to pay 52*s.* a-week in consideration of the sum he could extract from visitors for putting them into the best places, and who, notwithstanding this proper revenue, got into her debt 27*l.* odds!!

THE STRAND THEATRE

CONTINUES to present a great variety of amusing pieces every evening, and is now better filled than at first, when the mode of admission was less understood by the play-going public. To the *Carpet-Bag*, in which Mitchell's *Lawyer's Clerk* is capital; and the *Siamese Twins*, in which the same talent is displayed by the same clever actor, and, if possible, excelled by the drunken scene of his companion Oxberry; and *Man-Fred*, his excellence in which we have frequently noticed; and other light dramas,—we have this week another added, called the *Unfortunate Miss Bailey*. It is a boarding-school adventure, and ludicrous enough in its touches on ladies' seminaries; the dialogue smart and witty. Mrs. Garrick, Miss Horton, Miss Forster, Miss Willmott, Mlle. Josephine, in the female parts; and Forrester, Chippendale, Debar, Kerridge, &c. in the masculine line, contribute to the general effects of these agreeable entertainments. Of Miss P. Horton, whose name (though *unfortunate* "Miss Bailey") we have specially reserved, we shall merely say, that not only in acting, but in singing, she is rapidly proceeding to justify our highest predictions of her eminence in the profession. She sang the "Willow Glen" and "Kate Kearney" so charmingly, as to leave no regret even for Waylett.

VARIETIES.

Chinese Literature?—Tossed as we are, and whirled about in the gulph of electioneering and party politics, how refreshing it is (and for the first time) to read Lord Napier's correspondence with the Chinese authorities. Tong qua, and Gong qua, have become quite favourites with us; and we even peruse the governor of Canton's critiques on the Barbarian Eye with pleasure. The chops beat Bellamy's.

Steam Communication with India.—We regret to see, by the Calcutta journals, that the first attempt to send despatches to England by the Forbes steamer, *via* Suez and Malta, has failed, in consequence of the bursting of the boiler. The vessel, however, was undergoing repairs, and was appointed to start again at the beginning of January.

Hurricane.—On the 16th of December, the night of the lunar eclipse, a furious hurricane took place at Marsala, in Sicily; and on the morning the roofs of houses and the streets are stated to have been found covered by a shower of yellowish spherical or spheroidal stones, as

large as walnuts, and of extraordinary solidity. Much damage was consequently done.—*Foreign Journals.*

Mr. Barrow no longer Mr. Barrow.—We have much pleasure in stating that the worthy Secretary of the Admiralty has been created a baronet, not only as a reward for his long public services, but as a distinction justly earned by his eminent literary and scientific acquirements. To the honour of his majesty be it told, that it was altogether unsolicited.

Mr. Southey.—We have also reason to believe that the same distinction has been offered to Mr. Southey.

Dr. Robert Morrison.—Died on the 1st of August, at Canton, this most eminent of Chinese scholars. He had resided for many years at Macao and Canton as a Protestant missionary; and to his learning and industry the world is indebted for the *Hwa Sinica*, the *Dictionary of Chinese*, and other works of great interest and value.

Austrian Statistics.—In 1833 the deaths in the Austrian monarchy amounted to 665,731, or 76,917 fewer than in 1832. The number of births was 815,293; increase 149,562. Of the deaths 724 were from suicide, 35 hydrophobia, casualties 5003, murders 422 (fewer by 44 than the preceding year), and executions 36 (fewer by 17). 450 individuals were above 100 years of age. The murders were, 105 in Galicia, 89 in Lombardy, 50 in Dalmatia, 46 in Venice, 33 in Moravia, 30 in the Tyrol, 30 in Bohemia, &c.—*Frankfort Journal.*

The Alchymist, No. 1.—As is our wont we hold out the right hand of welcome to a new contemporary, though, in truth, we feel there are already far too many periodicals in the field. The present candidate for popular favour possesses features of originality and merit; and such as it is, a cheap monthly work, founded on the good principle of encouraging and cherishing, not knocking down and oppressing, literary effort, deserves its fair share of patronage. Among its prose and verse is an anecdote of Burns, said to be unpublished, and certainly characteristic. It relates, that a vulgar mercantile traveller having to spend the dull Sunday at Newton Stewart, the landlord recommended Burns to him as a social companion. He was accordingly invited, but soon disgusted by the intrusive manners of his host, who called him poet, and asked for a specimen of his craft. Burns required a subject and his name; which being given "myself, and Andrew Turner," the indignant bard wrote:

When first the world was made,
Some guts and hoofs were left,
And these were flung into a corner;
To use them up it was essayed,
When, lo! of brains and soul bereft,
A Beast came forth, yelped Andrew Turner.

King's College.—Mr. Marsden, the celebrated oriental scholar, has presented his library of several thousand books to King's College, London.

Russian History.—The Emperor of Russia has munificently directed, that all the histories of the empire, in the public archives, great libraries, and elsewhere, shall be collected and published uniformly, at the expense of the government.

No. 1. Thomas's Library Atlas.—An outline of the world on a small scale, and this No. containing six maps. The general idea is correct enough, but, like ignorant or stupid people in life, we should know very little of the world if we had not more ample and detailed information than is here afforded.

Christmas Rainbow.—Our Wycombe Meteorological Register (see last *Gazette*, p. 77)

noticed the extraordinary phenomenon of a rainbow on Christmas-day; and a letter from Odessa states, that on the 3d of January, when the sky was rather cloudy, but the atmosphere filled with sparkling particles of ice, the sun was girt with a rainbow, on the two sides of which its image was reflected. Above the first a second bow was visible; at first of a white colour, but towards sunset, when the sky became very clear, turning to pink.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Liberal and comprehensive as are our announcements under this head (such as no periodical ever published could collect), we must again repeat that we cannot insert advertisements out of their proper sphere as literary news.

Mr. James Fennell, the writer of many interesting articles on natural history in the various periodicals devoted to that science, is preparing a work in which he proposes to display Shakespeare's knowledge of Natural History, Medicine, Chemistry, and other sciences.

Mr. Valpy has announced, in monthly volumes, a new and illustrated edition of Pope's Works: to be edited by Dr. Croly, with a new Life, Notes, and Critical Observations on each Poem.

In the Press.

The Pilgrims of Walsingham, or Tales of the Middle Ages, an Historical Romance, by Agnes Strickland: the period that of Henry VIII.—A Journal of a Seven Years' Residence in New South Wales, by J. W. Ord, Esq., Author of "England," a Poem.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

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January.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday... 22	From 30 to 40	30.16 stationary
Friday... 23	... 31 .. 45	30.14 .. 30.12
Saturday... 24	... 38 .. 49	30.08 .. 30.06
Sunday... 25	... 39 .. 51	30.06 .. 30.11
Monday... 26	... 41 .. 53	30.16 .. 30.28
Tuesday... 27	... 38 .. 48	30.28 .. 30.23
Wednesday 28	... 37 .. 47	30.20 .. 30.17

Prevailing wind S.W.

Except the evenings of the 25th, 26th, and 27th, generally cloudy.

January.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday... 29	From 38 to 49	30.12 to 30.10
Friday... 30	... 36 .. 51	30.12 .. 30.17
Saturday... 31	... 42 .. 52	30.24 .. 30.28
February.		
Sunday... 1	... 39 .. 52	30.26 .. 30.22
Monday... 2	... 39 .. 47	30.15 .. 30.07
Tuesday... 3	... 38 .. 49	30.06 .. 30.05
Wednesday 4	... 38 .. 52	30.24 .. 30.33

Prevailing wind S.W.

Cloudy during the forenoon; generally, evenings clear. Rain on the morning of the 2d instant; depth, $\frac{1}{16}$ of an inch. Edmont.

CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Our critique on the second Vocal Concert, and several other articles, are postponed till our next No., which will also contain an engraving, the largest size our page allows, of a very remarkable painting about three thousand years old, lately discovered in Egypt, and representing the children of Israel making bricks under the lash of their Egyptian task-masters. This extraordinary document will be accompanied by a full account of these interesting antiquities.

Theta is not sufficiently correct for the public. We believe in the prevalence of a majority of fools in the world: perhaps the rogues might contest the point, but they are not so readily ascertained.

"B." we thanked. We are much obliged to R. but are averse to repetition, even though improved.

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